Why Robert Kennedy? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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What's "Eating" Us?

"We had better pray God that our nation is, at last, in the final throes of the long agony of adjustment that it has been undergoing ever since 1890, when it became a world power."

Louis J. Halle

Saul Bellow's Herzog — *Irving Howe*

The Extremists — *W. K. Wyant, Jr.*

Cars and Safety — *James Ridgeway*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The New Establishment

★ It is the morning of November 4. All night the nation has listened to returns. They started in New Hampshire and moved across the country by time zones – a Johnson victory, not just an eyelash, 1960 affair, but a big one, a blockbuster.

Campaign hysteria disappears quickly in characteristic American good-nature. Everybody agrees that they knew all along Lyndon would win.

And then gradually it is realized that the whole political landscape has shifted. It has moved to the right. It is true that the Goldwater Radicals have been defeated, but in the process the liberals have moved over a bit, too. What appears is the triumphant center, The New Establishment. Nearly everybody is in it, driven there by Senator Barry Goldwater, from Henry Ford III to Walter Reuther.

What happens then? It is a funny election where people are worrying about such things. And yet the simple fact is that, at this juncture, every poll, every augury that an experienced reporter can appraise, points to a Johnson victory. It makes some people sigh, who dislike Goldwater intensely. They think that the Texan President would be insufferable with a big win. Possibly. And yet we can see a lot of trouble ahead for victorious Mr. Johnson, almost from the start, even in victory.

One minor problem is that about the first thing that a big majority does historically in Congress is to break up. It happened that way with FDR, after the first 100 days, and it has before. But the real problem that we see is that Mr. Johnson must choose sides. The elements that are behind him now are discordant and .apt to fly apart. We have always assumed that Mr. Johnson is somewhat right of center, but he is a complex man; we really don't know.

In victory we would guess that his immediate domestic danger would be the economy. When he took office the tax program was outlined, and he took it and put it over. Mr. Kennedy proposed some retrenchment in spending to help the tax cut along and Mr. Johnson cut it a lot more. The proposed Kennedy budget was about $102 billion; Mr. Johnson reduced it to $97.9 billion. We guess that the business leaders backing the President today will urge him to make still further retrenchments, coupled with a cut in excise taxes, if he wins.

This column has never been persuaded that businessmen know very clearly what is in their own best interest on the national scene, particularly if it involves economic matters. Further tax cuts would probably be wise next year to sustain consumers' demand, which is likely to slacken off in mid-1965 as the impetus of this year's tax cut diminishes. But it is our belief that the economy is all ready to go into a recession if there is any major cut in federal spending. You can't sell goods if you don't have demand, and 5.1 percent of the country's laboring force are currently unemployed. Well, we'll have to wait and see; not so much for the election result as for what comes after.

In the campaign President Johnson's best bet is to maintain the pose of Olympian detachment he maintained in his Labor Day speech at Detroit, but it will be a temptation for a man of his temperament to plunge in and answer Goldwater-Miller attacks. That is exactly, we imagine, what Senator Goldwater wants him to do. He chose hatchet-man Miller, as he told his supporters in San Francisco, largely because he thinks the New Yorker "drives Johnson nuts." Mr. Miller's sensational charge that the Administration made a "deal" with Nikita Khrushchev not to take action against Cuba has been repudiated by ABC broadcaster John Scali, who was given as authority for it. What does Mr. Miller care? His job is to rattle President Johnson, knock him off his pedestal, get him swinging wildly. The President is sensitive to criticism, but he is astute, too. We doubt if he falls into the trap.

It puts a handicap on the President, however. It does not come natural to him to deliver prepared texts in dignified attitudes. He was stiff at Atlantic City and also at Detroit. He is effective when he speaks off the cuff as he did to the US Chamber of Commerce here last spring, with an earthy mixture of colloquialism, sincerity, revivalism and humor. Somehow we have a hunch that before the campaign is over he will board a train and tour the South as he did in the famous "Cornpone Special" in 1960, making each railway square ring with the cry, "What has Dick Nixon ever done for Falls Church?"

The world doesn't stand still for the US election. As China and Russia move further apart, Russia drifts fractionally in the direction of the West. A queer, semi-detente exists between USA-USSR now. American efforts to block long-range credits to Moscow are collapsing: hitherto it was a five-year limit for commercial credits, but Japan has just sold the Communists a $10 million fertilizer plant on an eight-year payment plan, and the UK an $80 million synthetic fiber plant, with a credit extension of 15 years. It is not the idealists but the avaricious who are forging a few tentative ties.

Famine in the Future?

★ We were struck by a forecast of Dr. Raymond Ewell, vice president for research at the State University of New York (Buffalo). He sees a world famine sweeping Asia, Africa and South America by the early 1970's, as population overtakes food production. Birth control is the ultimate answer, Dr. Ewell told the American Chemical Society, but it operates slowly. He sees famine striking India, Pakistan and China first; later Indonesia, Iran, Turkey and Egypt, and later on, as population swells, other countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America by 1980. There'll be a billion more people in these areas in 20 years according to present trends, but food production is just about stationary. History shows no greater force for conquest, revolution and insurrection than simple hunger.

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Why Robert Kennedy?

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Robert F. Kennedy's critics in New York feel that he never could have won the Democratic and Liberal Senatorial nomination had it not been for money and the martyrdom of his brother. They resent it. They view the Attorney General as a pushy interloper (he is ineligible to vote in New York this November), indifferent to the battle for political reform within New York City and unashamedly ready to take advantage of any fortuitous circumstances that can bring him power.

Mr. Kennedy's candidacy does run counter to the assumption of our federal system that members of Congress shall come from areas they represent. It is a sound tradition for so large and diverse a nation. But is the Kennedy pattern in New York likely to be repeated elsewhere, or often? It seems doubtful. One may approve or disapprove, but his precedent-breaking selection is a freak. Moreover, it was the leaders of *New York* who, for their own reasons, chose *him*. If they came to his political rescue, perhaps he also came to theirs.

Senator Keating has a case, irrespective of the "carpetbagger" issue. He has not endorsed the Goldwater-Miller ticket; he needs Democratic votes to stay afloat. Though he is a late-comer to progressive Republicanism, by comparison with Goldwater he radiates enlightenment. In 1963 and in the 87th Congress, he supported John F. Kennedy on foreign policy 90 percent of the time (73 percent on domestic issues). It may have been good politics for him to do so; it was nonetheless praiseworthy. He rightly voted against meat import quotas imposed by Congress last month; he was one of 10 Republican Senators to support Mr. Johnson's anti-poverty program; in 1963 he supported federal aid to public and private colleges; he is pro-civil rights.

The other side of the coin is that he voted in 1962 (unlike Senator Javits) to cut US loans to developing countries. He sought (unlike Mr. Javits) to deny Presidential authority to waive a Congressional prohibition against US aid to countries exporting arms or strategic materials to Communist nations, even when in the President's judgment the national interest requires such aid. In 1961, Keating was recorded against a three-year program for federal grants to help local school districts; in the same year he was willing to authorize the Secretary of Interior or Agriculture to permit prospecting, mining and exploration for oil and gas within national forests and public domain areas included in the wilderness system.

Robert Kennedy, for his part, has made three tactical errors recently. One was his endorsement of the Bronx boss, Representative

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Charles A. Buckley, for re-election against the winning reform challenger, Jonathan Bingham. The second was his embarrassing delay in seeking the Senatorial nomination until after it was apparent he would not be Johnson's running mate. The third was his statement opposing "long-distance bussing" of public school pupils in New York to achieve integration, knowing as he surely must that the New York school board has proposed no such transportation arrangement.

His record as Attorney General is fine – but with a couple of exceptions. The relentlessness with which the Justice Department pursued James Hoffa is repellent. Perhaps never before has an Attorney General gone to such lengths to get his man. Who among us could stay out of jail, if the federal government was that determined to put us there?

The Valachi hearings also were a disgrace. Here the Attorney General, with Senator McClellan's assistance, put on public display its trained seal – a broken-down racketeer – to mouth inconclusive tales about "the Mafia," to no visible purpose but to publicize the Attorney General's drive against racketeering.

That being said, the rest is positive. The Attorney General prompted the excellent Presidential appointment of Charles Horsky as a White House assistant, to get done what needs doing in the District of Columbia. He was largely responsible for the District's school drop-out program, for the construction of needed playgrounds, for a summer job program for underprivileged youth. Indeed, one of the Attorney General's most winning qualities is his concern for young people.

To the Department itself, Mr. Kennedy brought first-rate men and backed them up. His enterprise in the civil rights fight has been aggressive and astute. It is due to his initiative that Congress recently passed a criminal justice bill to provide lawyers for indigent defendants. It was he who appointed the Allen Committee in 1961 to study the problems of bail (and bail may make the difference of whether you're free or not), which led in turn to the extremely useful national bail conference held last June. Mr. Kennedy deserves credit too for reforms in the federal prison system – the most conspicuous being the institution of "Half-Way Houses" – and for the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency. These are not the accomplishments of a man who likes only to prosecute.

Then there is the matter of wire-tap legislation. On this complex subject, Mr. Kennedy has had a change of heart. The first bill his Department submitted to Congress was objectionable. It was withdrawn, and the pending bill, as we wrote months ago, is the best one ever drafted. States would be allowed to tap only in the investigation of a limited number of serious offenses, and then only under a court order equivalent to the search warrant that the Constitution requires before the police can enter a home. The FBI and other federal law enforcement agencies are placed in the same position. The Attorney General, on his own, without court warrant, could allow tapping only when the national security is patently involved. The bill is replete with prohibitions against indiscriminate tapping.

One more point should be mentioned. In the Cuban crisis, the Attorney General's influence was on the side of restraint, not belligerence. The image of a tactless, brash young man is inconsistent with his behavior in Indonesia, in Poland or with his warm personal relations with Africans and Asians.

For what it's worth, our judgment is that Mr. Kennedy would make the best Senator. It's worth remembering that in 1960, John F. Kennedy was dismissed by some as little more than a rich young man with ambition and "star quality." It was not so; it is not so in the brother's case. Finally Robert Kennedy is not what he was before last November 22. And if he is elected in New York, he will not, six years hence, be what he is today. His colleagues in the Senate, and the politics of New York, will take care of that.

The Gut Fighter

It is something of a novelty to have a candidate for national office who is called a "gut fighter" alike by foe and friend – and who appears to rejoice in the designation. The term is ordinarily considered an unlovely one. It carries connotations of kneeing in the clinches. It was widely applied at the time of his nomination for the Vice Presidency to Representative William E. Miller by those who knew him best. In the opening address of his campaign at Lockport, N. Y., on September 6, he demonstrated that he deserved it.

Congressman Miller there referred, without quoting them, to a number of policy statements by Americans for Democratic Action, distorted their meaning and imputed the distortion to Humphrey. And then, by a simple additional leap in logic, he charged the President with endorsing the view imputed to Humphrey because Johnson chose Humphrey as his running mate. A single sample taken from the Miller speech may serve to illustrate the technique: "Americans last year witnessed perhaps the most significant and most disgusting evidence of the rapid decline in American prestige under this Administration when rioters in Panama ripped apart our flag and demonstrated violently against our government. Today, our future in the Canal Zone has not yet been determined, and Castro and his sympathizers throughout Panama are continuing to demand that we go home – that we surrender Panama altogether. What will our answer be? Do we want a Vice President from the Americans for Democratic Action

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which just this January advocated a total abandonment of the Panama Canal – which said that we should turn it over to the United Nations? WELL, LYNDON JOHNSON DOES." This is not so much guilt by association as guilt by extrapolation.

Mr. Miller is likewise proving himself a specialist in the exploitation of anxiety. Are city dwellers worried about the safety of their streets? Mr. Miller has, not a remedy, but a reminder of the danger calculated to exacerbate the fear it engenders. Are suburbanites concerned that the value of their newly-purchased homes may be diminished if Negroes move into the neighborhood? Mr. Miller lets it be known that Republicans have no thought of carrying civil rights to such ridiculous extremes. Are workers uneasy – as, of course, they always have been – that immigrants will compete with them for jobs? The Johnson Administration's immigration proposals, he said in his second speech of the campaign at South Bend, Ind., on Labor Day, would "open the floodgates for any and all who would wish to come and find work in this country. . . . These people will need jobs, but where will they find them? Are you willing to give them YOURS?"

But Mr. Miller is not a character assassin. He would not stoop to anything so low. As he said at a news conference in Chicago, "I have not mentioned, and don't intend to mention anything about the fact that Hubert Humphrey wasn't in the war, at all. That was brought up by others. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., when campaigning for the late President Kennedy in West Virginia in 1960 called Hubert Humphrey a draft dodger. I wouldn't do that, at all. I am ashamed that Franklin D. Roosevelt did, myself."

Could anyone be handsomer than that?

THE BUSINESSMEN WHO DUMPED BOSCH HAVE REASON TO REGRET IT

Trujilloism Without Trujillo

Santo Domingo

Gérman Ornes, owner-editor of Santo Domingo's leading newspaper, wrote in his book *Trujillo: Little Caesar of the Caribbean:* "What makes the Dominican situation particularly abhorrent is the sheer corruption and hypocrisy that pervades the actions of Trujillo. With Operation Big Swindle in full swing, government has turned into a permanent exercise in thievery, embezzlement, bribery, blackmail."

Politics and government in the Dominican Republic are today degenerating into the same corrupt and fraudulent style that characterized the dictatorship of the assassinated Generalissimo. For the past year the armed forces have been importing food, liquor, and all kinds of household goods duty-free and have gone into the wholesale business. US cigarettes, for example, which sell for 80 cents a pack in the cities' stores, are purchased by the military at prices as low as 20 cents and resold to retailers at enormous profit. Military profiteering of this sort has been so widespread that the businessmen, who have to pay the high tariffs from which the canteens are exempt, have threatened to strike.

In the first months of their operation, these practices were kept comparatively quiet, but now the military has made an even bolder move. The government has announced that it has given permission to the National Police to operate the canteens as a commercial company. The company, which has an authorized capital of $500,000, is even incorporated! The 41-year-old chief of the Provisional government, Donald Reid Cabral, states that the new corporation is "nothing more than a cooperative like others existing in the country" and that the idea was "that all the members of the police would be co-proprietors."

But the real nature of the "cooperative" becomes clear when its books are examined. President of the company is the all-powerful Chief of Police, Brigadier General Belisario Peguero. Its officers are the colonels who serve under him. Lesser-ranking members of the police can become "co-proprietors" only by buying stock at prices ranging from $5 to $100. There is little doubt that it will be "strongly suggested" to enlisted men that they purchase shares and that the profits will go to the company's officers.

We are also told that the new super-canteen will include everything from perfume and jewelry to medicine. Sales will supposedly be limited to armed forces personnel and their families, but methods of avoiding such technicalities have long been in operation. The result has been that an officership in the armed forces has become one of the most profitable professions in the country. How could one otherwise explain that Police Chief Peguero has just completed construction of a mansion in the outskirts of Santo Domingo that is even larger than the one across the street owned by

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Brigadier General Antonio Imbert, who gained fame and fortune from his role in the assassination of Trujillo? A string of lesser mansions for other military officers is being built in the same plush neighborhood.

The irony of this latest move by the military has not been lost on the businessmen. For it was they who combined with the armed forces to oust the scrupulously honest President Juan Bosch. The businessmen have been out-maneuvered by their former allies, and many store-owners now wish that Bosch were still in office.

The question of the military canteens is but one of many shady doings which pervade Dominican politics. The tragic explosion of a military munitions dump, which left an unknown number of dead and wounded and millions in property damage, provides another example. The cause of the giant blast is still unknown. Witnesses stated that they saw soldiers running from the scene. The next day the military replied that it was started by civilians "disguised as soldiers." As might be expected, the official story eventually became that Castroites must have been responsible. Very conveniently, this latter account was the one that reached Washington and an OAS investigating team was sent down. No evidence of *Fidelista* sabotage has been found. A more accurate version may be that some soldier discarded a lighted contraband cigarette in the wrong place. Such a version would of course benefit no one. It is much more profitable to find a convenient scapegoat, preferably one with a beard and dressed in fatigues, and thereby get the US to send more arms to "protect" the country.

Though a gruesome tragedy, the explosion was not without its humorous sidelights. The initial blaze set off rounds of small ammunition. Fearing another *coup* was beginning in this country, which has had seven governments in the last three years, some nervous soldiers imprisoned their own officers. A Peace Corpsman, whose residence had been rocked by the powerful blast, called the US Embassy to inquire about the cause and was told by a military official that it sounded like heavy artillery. Rumors of a *coup* were sufficiently widespread that tanks rumbled up to the National Palace to protect the government. The autonomy of the National University was suspended so the police could search the grounds for the supposed saboteurs.

The giant explosion came only two days before the scheduled 14th of June celebration honoring those who had participated in the ill-fated 1959 invasion of the Dominican Republic by a group of exiles based in Cuba, and the police used the event to jail anyone thought to have Castroite sympathies. Charges of police oppression and brutality were frequent. The persecution for political reasons became so flagrant that one political party expressed the fear that the government was using the disaster as a convenient excuse to establish a dictatorship. It will be recalled that Trujillo did just that when a hurricane struck Santo Domingo in 1930, and he stayed in power for 31 years.

Graft and corruption have also spread in the civil service. Bribes to administrative officials to insure that one's papers remain on top of the pile now occur on a scale almost matching that of the Trujillo era. Relatives and friends of an administrative head are liable to have a near-monopoly of jobs in his department. Many are receiving salaries without rendering any service; offices are over-staffed so that government employees lack even papers to shuffle; dismissals and appointments for purely political reasons are rampant.

A recent meeting of the striking dockworkers was broken up by the police with tear gas. A labor leader was stabbed and killed by a bayonet-wielding member of the National Army. Many have been beaten. Every day the papers carry stories of a small fry arrested for peddling contraband or for exacting tribute, while the big fish are never touched.

Opposition parties continue to function, but only if they do not pose a threat to the regime. Foremost among the parties still without a say in the government is Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party. The PRD, with nearly 60 percent of the vote, had swept to a 2-1 margin over its nearest competitor in the 1962 presidential elections and had comparable majorities in both houses of the Dominican Congress. But Bosch was overthrown on September 25, 1963, the PRD offices were shut down, and he and other party leaders were forced into exile. Bosch still remains the most popular leader in the country and the PRD, now allowed to function again, continues to be the dominant political party. The government, however, has recently stated that it has not yet decided whether Bosch and the PRD leaders will be allowed to return for the proposed 1965 elections; and the party has no voice in national affairs.

Another of the major political parties, the 14th of June movement, remains illegal. The leader of the *Catorces*, Manuel Tavárez Justo, and many of his followers were massacred by the armed forces in the hills where they had begun guerrilla action after the overthrow of Bosch.

A third major force outside the political arena is made up of the followers of former president Joaquín Balaguer. Balaguer's supporters have formed the Reformist Party, but their leader is in exile.

The prospects for honest competition in the 1965 elections are not hopeful. It is expected that Bosch and Balaguer, with their strong popular appeal, will be kept out of the country at least long enough for a candidate more amenable to military peculation to win the presidency. Few capable Dominicans are any longer willing to participate in government and politics. As one Dominican told me, "The smartest people here are now a-political."

HOWARD J. WIARDA

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Philip Ben

The New Russia

A long-time observer of Soviet life finds that fear of atomic attack has faded, while nationalism and the desire for a greater share of the world's goods have risen

A few years ago, anyone who had a real opportunity to talk in private to ordinary Soviet citizens was shocked to discover how much they feared a new war and how absolutely certain they were that it was unavoidable. Thus, in the summer of 1959, a woman in Khrakov told me: "They tell us that we have our Sputniks and so we will destroy America before they are able to harm us. But I remember how, before the last war Stalin and Voroshilov kept repeating that if the Fascists attacked us we would shift the war to their territory. And after that Hitler marched up to Stalingrad and the Russian people suffered more than any other." At about the same time, a Russian writer explained to me: "Our leaders can convince the masses of many things, but the conviction that foreigners wish us ill and are always waiting for an opportunity to attack us is deeply rooted in our tradition. After all we were attacked by the Tartars, the Poles, the Swedes, by Napoleon, by the Kaiser, by Hitler. True, we vanquished every aggressor. But at what terrible cost!"

During my recent stay in the Soviet Union I noticed an immense change in attitude. I heard no Russian speak of the danger of an atomic war between the US and their country. None seemed to remember that only a few years back they were deadly certain that new and terrible ordeals awaited them. There seems to me no doubt that the Soviet regime has convinced its people that the test ban treaty and Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence are guarantees against an atomic war. And with atomic death no longer appearing inevitable, the problems of living have gained greater ascendancy over the minds and the hearts of the Russians. This is coupled with an increased awareness that under the present regime, they will not get much richer soon, though they continue to believe that regime is the best and the most just ever devised.

This strange mixture of diminished fear of attack, of renewed striving for a better life and the realization that they cannot get it under the present conditions, and of a vastly increased knowledge of the outside world, produces a unique moral climate. It is similar, I believe, to the climate that prevailed in Germany at the turn of the century. The comparison may seem odd, yet when I recall how touchy an ordinary Soviet citizen can be today at the slightest foreign criticism of his country, or at any reference to his low standard of living, or to the lack of intellectual freedom in Russia, I think of the accounts which I heard from my father about Germany 60 years ago.

Having defeated France in 1870, Germany became a great military power. Economically, however, it was far behind Britain and France. The German standard of living was lower; so was industrialization and foreign trade. Being a late comer, the German colonial empire was small and not very valuable. But from then until World War I, history was strongly influenced by German determination to become the leading economic power, to enrich itself quickly at the expense of older rivals. Today, most Russians are aware that the Americans, the British, the French enjoy a standard of living much superior to theirs. Some go so far as to acknowledge it to foreigners. They also know that this odd and despicable economic system called Capitalism (still despicable despite their awareness of the failures of their system), though it always produces, so they think, large-scale unemployment, depravation and corruption, somehow also manages to provide almost everybody with a car, with a house so large that half a dozen Soviet families would gladly live there, with plenty of fabulously cheap clothing, footwear, food. For this, most Russians have only one explanation: the great capitalistic powers amassed fabulous wealth by robbing the dependent countries for decades. And they still continue to rob them. The Soviet citizen, as I met him this year, seems more and more willing to conclude that this exploitation of other countries is the only formula for prosperity of a great country.

In the Aeroflot plane flying from Vienna to Kiev my travel companion was an official of a Soviet import and export trust returning from a trip to Latin America. "Nowadays," he said, "we try to buy the goods we need when the prices are falling on the markets in New York and London. And in our exports, we follow the foreign market situation too. We want to take the biggest possible advantage of the changing trends. We do not always succeed, yet. But we will." And as we got

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more friendly, he added: "Why should it always be the Americans, the British, the Germans who buy the things they need from the others most cheaply and sell the things they produce themselves at the highest prices? We Russians are no less clever. Step-by-step we will replace them. Our time is now approaching."

Reading the speeches of Khrushchev, we know that for the Soviet Union peaceful coexistence does not extend to the economic or ideological sphere. But it is only when talking to the Russians from every walk of life that one realizes how such speeches are interpreted at home. Coexistence as seen by the inhabitants of Moscow, Leningrad or Kiev is a mutual understanding that the atomic war must be avoided, whatever the circumstances. Nothing less and nothing more. The struggle between the Russians who must live better and the "imperialists" who won't let them goes on.

One of the most fascinating features of the Soviet attitude toward foreigners is the growing nationalism which by now has all the markings of chauvinism, and which is another of the reasons why Russia today can be compared with the Germany of the Kaisers. Fifteen years ago I found only two nations which the Russians feared and respected: Germany and the US. For the English and French, they had contempt. Today, they still respect American jazz, cars, cigarettes and nylon stockings. But they now consider themselves no less shrewd than the Americans. And this increased confidence encourages them in a belief that the Russian people should and can have a greater share of the wealth, at the expense of others. It is "Russia First."

The contemporary Soviet citizen considers the Czechs, the Hungarians, the East Germans as "ours" – a mixture of paternalism and superiority. As for the Chinese, there is indignation that "we have done so much for them and they are repaying us with such ingratitude." During my recent trip I did not see the slightest indication of Soviet fear of Communist China; it was rather a feeling of self-assured superiority. (It is possible, of course, that there is a different attitude in Siberia, which borders on China.)

When one talks nowadays with even moderately well-educated Russians – university students, technicians, state employees – one is surprised how well informed, well according to the Soviet standards, they are about the real or alleged conflicts inside the Western camp. De Gaulle's differences with Washington, US troubles in Latin America, the white man's agony in Africa, the chaos in Southeast Asia, all are immensely popular subjects in Russia. What I heard only confirmed what I have seen at the United Nations – that the Soviet desire to try and benefit from any embarrassment any Western power may have has not diminished because of the test ban treaty or the West's acceptance of the principle of peaceful coexistence. I do not mean that Soviet adherence to that treaty and that principle are insincere or temporary. On the contrary, any Russian government would have the greatest difficulty if it tried to repudiate these commitments. But it is equally true that because of economic necessities and because of the psychological climate prevailing in Russia, the kind of unwritten agreement reached between Moscow and Washington after the Cuban crisis, the test ban treaty and the establishment of the "hot line" has been followed by more, not less, hectic Soviet efforts to exploit Western difficulties anywhere in the world.

"Why should American contractors build every important bridge or power station in Latin America?" asked my travel companion on the Aeroflot plane. "We can do it too. Why should the British and the French continue to have a practical trade monopoly with the new countries of Africa? Why should the market in London monopolize the trade in cocoa, light metals, rubber?" These are not "Marxist" questions. In 1964, Soviet penetration has little to do with the slogans of Lenin. It has to do with traditional battles for markets, with where cheap raw materials can be bought directly, by-passing the costly go-between of other highly-developed countries. It resembles, in brief, the policy of Bulow and of Bethmann-Hollweg.

For those who may be unduly alarmed by the comparison of Russia under Nikita Khrushchev with the Germany of Wilhelm the Second, I should add that while for the Germans 60 years ago the Clausewitz formula ("war is the continuation of policy by other means") had an almost biblical sanction, the atom bomb has robbed this formula of any validity. And I haven't the slightest doubt that the Russian people understand that, perhaps better than most other people.

I do not pretend to foresee the future course of Soviet policy. I do suggest, however, that the trend over recent years, as evidenced by the rejection of Chinese importunities for a more adventurous policy, has been toward relative moderation by the Russians and that it is within the power of the West to encourage and reinforce this tendency. If it is ingenuous to predict the "mellowing" of Soviet policy, it is equally ingenuous to regard Soviet policy and goals as absolutely intractable. It is certainly possible, although not necessarily probable, that the changes in the character and structure of Soviet society which have occurred since the death of Stalin, such as the abatement of police terror and the development of the Central Committee into a kind of rudimentary parliamentary body, will in turn generate further and more significant changes in Soviet policy. – J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT
Prospects for the West,
Harvard University Press

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Car Design and Public Safety

by James Ridgeway

An unusual series of lawsuits involves General Motors' compact car, the *Corvair*. Twenty-four suits in California are based on claims of defective engineering in the car. In each one the charge is that a *Corvair* unexpectedly went out of control and crashed.

Introduced in 1959, the *Corvair* is the only rear-engine auto made by an American firm; over one million of them are on the roads.

General Motors has denied the charges and says it is reluctant to discuss the pending litigation; nor does it want to discuss design factors of the car which might have bearing on it.

One suit, however, was settled in June. In this case, Arthur and Rose Pierini of Santa Barbara had sued GM and a local dealer for $300,000 in damages for injuries Mrs. Pierini suffered when her *Corvair* tipped over in 1961. She lost her left arm in the crash.

Mrs. Pierini's attorney, David Harney of Los Angeles, contended the *Corvair* was "inherently dangerous because 63 percent of its weight is concentrated over the rear end." He said this made the car over-steer and caused the accident.

GM attorneys denied this charge, said the car had no engineering defects and blamed driver negligence for the crash. The suit was settled for $70,000 before the trial was concluded.

In answer to an interrogatory question in one of the 24 cases, GM said that between May 17, 1962, and December 31, 1963, it had received reports of 102 accidents in which the complaint was that the *Corvair* unexpectedly went out of control. It denied the truth of the complaints.

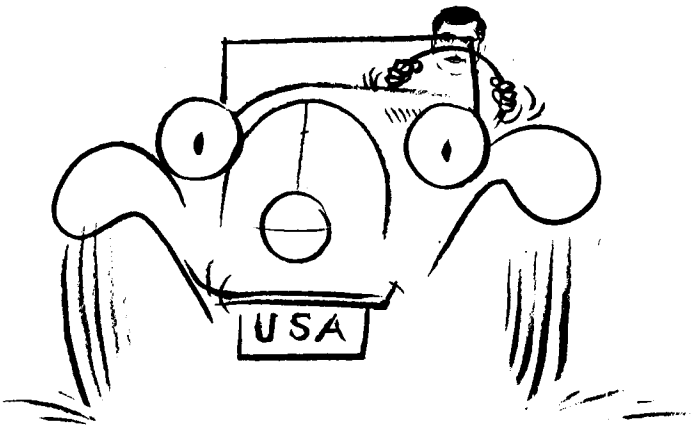
Recently an official of the National Safety Council in Chicago told *The New Republic* it had received a number of letters from concerned people who either saw *Corvairs* in crashes or themselves had been in *Corvair* accidents.

Harney, who is one of a small group of lawyers engaged in bringing the 24 cases, says that they involve 1960-63 model *Corvairs*.

The *Corvair* has been openly criticized for design flaws on several counts. One is tire pressure. Unlike many other cars, on the *Corvair* there is a good deal of difference in the recommended tire pressure between front and rear wheels. The 1964 owner's manual says that front wheels should carry 15 pounds "cold," that is when the car has been idle; the rear wheels need 26 pounds. "Hot" (for long-distance driving) pressure should be adjusted so that front wheels carry 18 pounds; rear wheels, 30 pounds. The manual notes: "Over-steer problems may be encountered with incorrect pressures. Maintain recommended pressures at all times."

Corvair has "4-Wheel Independent Suspension," as described in a sales booklet: "It's the main reason for *Corvair's* agile handling. Ingredients include solf-acting coil springs and double-acting shock absorbers. What happens is that each wheel absorbs its own bumps with minimal effect to the other three wheels. (The whole system is nicely cushioned by rubber to keep out noise and vibration.)" However, critics of the car have maintained in effect, that the *Corvair's* wheels are not steady enough. When there is pressure on them, they sometimes are said to tuck-under, until the rim of the wheel itself hits the pavement, swerving the car or even tipping it over. EMPI of Riverside, Calif., sells special stabilizing equipment for 1960-63 model *Corvairs*. In the 1964 models, GM added an anti-sway bar between the front wheels, and a single leaf transverse spring across the rear end. These additions have helped reduce the "car's well-known tendency to over-steer," according to an article in the May *Consumer Reports*. In the August issue an article says that the '64 *Corvair* handles very well on curving roads, and that any tendency to over-steer has been almost completely eliminated. The 1965 model *Corvairs* which will be unveiled next week will have an improved four-wheel independent suspension system as well as wider tread tires front and rear for better handling.

Where does this leave the man who owns a 1960-63 model *Corvair*? Should he equip it with the sway bars and special springs GM put on its 1964 models? Is the tire pressure critical or is the manufacturer merely being overcautious in the owner's manual? Since GM itself was reluctant to discuss the design of the car in



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any detail because of pending litigation, we talked to several Washington, D. C., GM dealers who both sell and service the *Corvair* to find out what tire pressures they were recommending and what they could tell us about stabilizing equipment.

The first dealer said tire pressure should be 24 pounds front and rear; or 26 pounds front and rear depending on the weight in the auto. (This, of course, contradicted the owner's manual.) When it came to discussing safety aspects of the car's independent suspension system, he became vague but did say there were some sort of special sway bars one could buy to make the car into a hot rod. A second dealer, however, answered all questions in detail. He said it was absolutely imperative to follow tire pressure recommendations in the owner's manual, and went on to describe how a sway bar had been added to the '64 model to steady the rear wheels. (We got down on the ground and he pointed it out.) He said that under certain adverse conditions previous model *Corvairs*, unequipped with the anti-sway equipment could turn over because the rear wheel rims might catch the pavement and flip the car. When we discussed the possibility of purchasing a '63 model and adding stabilizing equipment he said this might cost more than $125, and we would be advised to forget it and buy a new car. But he added, if we were intent on buying a used model, there really was little danger. He had one himself and had been driving it hard, never experiencing any difficulties with the rear end being unsteady.

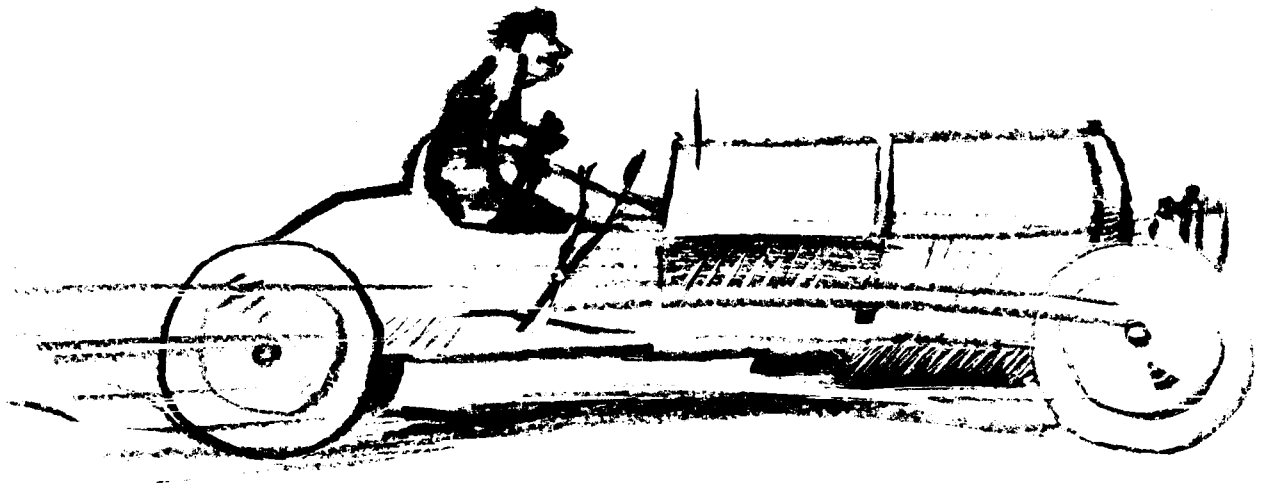
A third GM dealer looked at us in disbelief when we asked about sway problems in the *Corvair*. He had never heard about such a thing, but took us over to the service department chief. The chief said flatly there was no problem with the *Corvair*, there was no sway bar or any other stabilizing equipment on the '64 model, that indeed, there was absolutely no difference whatever between the '63 and '64 model in this respect. But we persisted, and finally he did admit there was a bar of some kind running across the car between the rear wheels on 1964 models. He was sure it had nothing to do with stabilizing the vehicle, but on the other hand, neither did he know precisely what it did do. When we asked about tire pressure, he said to forget the owner's manual; it was all wrong. Carry 24 pounds in the front tires and 26 pounds in the rear. Then he added, "Cars are like women. They're all different."

Calls to half a dozen other GM garages resulted in blank answers to questions about stabilizing equipment. Each had a different idea about the tire pressure.

Finally we made a call to the Tire and Rim Association, a technical group that sets standards for tire sizes and safe loads. An official said the association's recommendations for 1963 and 1964 model *Corvair* cars were 24 pounds pressure for each tire.

This poses some interesting questions. Does GM instruct its dealers and its service personnel so that at the least they are familiar with the different parts of the car? If so, why can't they provide a few simple and reliable answers to customers' questions? Should the design of this automobile prove faulty, does the company have any responsibility for fixing the cars that already are on the road? And quite aside from the confusion about *Corvair*, shouldn't there be some independent organization to tell car owners what is known about safety design?

Right now there is no such organization to tell a customer how safe a car is, and under what conditions; there isn't even a pamphlet to give you an idea of what to look for in terms of a car's safety-design features. The federal government requires safety specifications in airplanes and ships, and keeps a sharp eye on buses and trucks operating in interstate commerce, but has no authority to check on autos. New York persuaded manufacturers to put seat belt attachment points in cars; but this year New York State Senator Edward J. Speno's efforts to pass legislation establishing safety standards for tires were beaten down by auto and tire interests. In Massachusetts a bill was introduced in the state legislature this year to set up a commission to



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determine standards of safe design. But it was tabled after the legislative committee which was considering it made a visit to Detroit, all expenses paid by the auto makers, to view their research work into car safety.

Now Speno wants federal and state governments to join in spending $3 million to design a really safe car. Legislation would follow to compel manufacturers to incorporate its safety features in all cars.

Three agencies of the federal government have some slight interest in automobile design. One of them is the Division of Accident Prevention of the US Public Health Service. Between fiscal 1962 and 1963 it administered a $2.7 million study into why accidents happen. Only $134,000 went for research into automobile safety design. Dr. Paul V. Joliet, division chief, says if he had more money and enough staff he would be willing to put out a report on car design similar to the Surgeon General's report on cigarette smoking. However, Dr. Leon Goldstein, head of the division's research operation, says that while he is anxious to see research into car designs he doubts that the man in the street needs to know much about it or about safety design in general. The consumer should put his faith in government agencies which are there to protect him. And he feels there is fruitful coordination between government sponsored researchers and manufacturers now and that it should not be upset. He doesn't want to start an unfair scare on any one model car.

One recipient of the Public Health Service's research grants is the Automotive Crash Injury Research project of Cornell University. Dr. Horace E. Campbell, a leading specialist in the automobile accident field, said recently that this unit "knows what the chief defects of cars are, and which makes in actual experience on the road are the more dangerous. It is presumed that we are not told the facts that would allow us to buy in a discriminating way because a large portion of the project's support comes from the automobile manufacturers." Since some of the money comes from the government, Dr. Campbell asks why the taxpayer shouldn't be furnished with the data that would "warn him away from the most dangerous cars."

The Bureau of Roads of the Department of Commerce put out a report in 1959 calling for greater safety in auto design. However, it spends most of its time getting better roads built. It will begin to get into the regulating business slightly when it administers standards that Congress recently set for manufacturers of brake fluid. The General Services Administration is more likely to push the government into vehicle safety design. It was recently instructed by Congress to set safety standards to be met by manufacturers who sell vehicles to the government.

The most curious of all the government programs, and one at first might suspect the one most closely identified with the consumer, is the President's Committee for Traffic Safety. It has an annual budget of about $200,000. Of the total, $150,000 comes from federal funds; the other $50,000 is a gift from the insurance and automotive industries which appear to dictate its activities. The salaries of the executive director and two assistants come out of the industry funds, and they take their cues from an advisory council which primarily is made up of representatives of private organizations. Although the President's Committee seal is used on the group's literature, the White House has little to do with the committee's activities. For instance, a pamphlet entitled "The Vehicle Equipment Safety Compact" has the President's Committee's shield on its cover, which might seem to imply the backing of both the Committee and the President. Actually the pamphlet is an attack on federal participation in highway safety. It was printed and disseminated by the Automobile Manufacturers Association, without approval of the President's Committee.

"What Motorists Really Think About Traffic Safety" is another pamphlet. On the inside cover is a letter from the executive secretary of the President's Committee praising the Pure Oil Co., the publisher. This seems to be contrary to another Committee policy, for one of its officials, Dr. Richard Tossell, said recently, "The Committee doesn't endorse or sponsor views of any other organization." As Dr. Tossell described the Committee's work, it relies on the advisory council to bring matters to its attention, and then it tries to "stimulate" some sort of program. To put it more bluntly, the Committee is Detroit's public relations annex at the White House.

When we told Dr. Tossell of our inquiries into the *Corvair* business he said the best thing to do was to go straight to *Corvair;* they would surely put us straight. And he added: "The interests of industry are in progress."

The government programs concentrate largely on "human failure," to which is commonly attributed 90 percent of all car accidents. But experts have said that a safely designed car could save tens of thousands of lives a year, not to mention preventing hundreds of thousands of injuries.

By the end of July, 25,630 people had died since the first of the year in automobile accidents – an all-time high, and 11 percent above last July's total, which then was a record. Each year the federal government spends millions in aircraft accident prevention research and up to $100,000 per victim to find the causes of airplane accidents. The design of every airplane down to every nut and bolt is checked for safety by the government. When it comes to automobiles, the government spends less than a nickel per casualty to find safer designs for automobiles, and there is no regulation whatever.

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Speaking of Extremists

Who's Playing Right Field?

by William K. Wyant Jr.

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it!

– Henry IV, Part II

Whether you think the Far Right is a deep-seated malignancy in America, or only a boil to be lanced in November, there can be no question that it has spread. It has deeply infiltrated the Republican Party, nominated its candidate for the Presidency, given Know-Nothing "patriots" a standard to which they could rally and kicked up such dust storms of distrust and misinformation that reasonable men have a hard time running the government. Except for the insignificant American Nazi Party, and of course the renascent Ku Klux Klan in the South, groups on the Far Right profess to have no taint of anti-Semitism or racism. Many of them do, however, evidence a suspicious interest in foreign names – particularly changes in names – and most are hostile to the civil rights struggle.

The estimated operations of 30 of the leading right-wing groups (and there is a great deal of back-scratching among them, they reprint and quote one another), in terms of dollars spent, have gone up by more than 150 percent since 1958 and now reach well above $12 million. Most of them have an abiding antipathy to the federal government – any federal government; yet 16 of the organizations with total operations of close to $6 million enjoyed tax-exempt status in 1962. Their activities are legal; they vary from the very respectable (*Freedoms Foundation*) to the very ludicrous (*Paul Revere Associated Yeomen*). Who are the principals?

Among the most active is the Reverend Carl McIntire, whose *Christian Beacon, Inc.* of Collingswood, N.J., a tax-exempt corporation, sponsors the "Twentieth Century Reformation" broadcasts (carried on 600 stations), publications and other activities. The Rev. Dr. McIntire has been jousting recently with social gospel churchmen, Martin Luther King and the Federal Communications Commission. His annual expenditures, estimated at $62,000 in 1958, are thought now to have soared well beyond $1.5 million.

Life Line Foundation, Inc., is the outlet (also tax-exempt) of the eccentric Texas oil billionaire, H. L. Hunt. Dedicated to "the preservation of American Freedoms through an informed public," *Life Line* is aired five days a week over more than 330 stations. It loathes Communism, urban renewal, "give-aways," one-worlders" and favors curbing the Supreme Court. Its outlay seems to have increased from about $50,000 in 1958 to more than $1 million in 1962.

Human Events, a well-printed and edited news and propaganda weekly in tabloid form, was launched in 1944 by the late Frank C. Hanighen, under the auspices of the old America First Committee. Now headed by James L. Wick, an opponent of "me-tooism" among Republicans, *Human Events, Inc.* is closely allied to Americans for Constitutional Action. Last year it reported a net paid circulation of 118,611 but said it was losing money and made a plea for funds. Outsiders estimate that it spent over $1 million in 1962.

John Birch Society, Inc., of Belmont, Mass., founded by former candy-manufacturer Robert Welch in 1958 to fight the Communist menace, has become the chief bellwether for ultra-Right attitudes and activities. Welch's followers tend to be well-to-do and influential. The Society puts out *American Opinion*, a fat monthly, and other printed material. It is estimated to have spent about $130,000 in 1959, and more than $1 million last year.

Christian Echoes National Ministry of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, the official title for the tax-exempt Christian Crusade headed by the Reverend Dr. Billy James Hargis, got a big boost when Hargis went abroad in 1953 on a project to balloon Bibles from West Germany to Iron Curtain countries. Another boost came in 1960, when the Texas-born evangelist was identified as a source of an attack on liberal clergymen that had been incorporated in a controversial Air Force training manual. It claims to mail out 250,000 books and pamphlets to followers each month. Over-all, the movement's annual operating budget seems to have grown from $275,000 in 1958 to more than $677,000 last year.

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Christian Anti-Communism Crusade of Long Beach, Calif., the tax-exempt organization led by Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, a cheery, fast-talking physician from Sydney, Australia, holds "schools" in various cities, under the sponsorship of leading citizens. Dr. Schwarz specializes in the theory that Communists are Satanic and masterly intriguers who make monkeys out of America's gullible leaders. His annual budget is believed to have gone from about $104,000 in 1958 to over $725,000 in 1962.

Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge (Pa.), which received tax-exempt status in 1950, was formed "to encourage and reward Americans for their efforts to preserve and extend the American way of life under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights." Few would quarrel with that objective, and few would question the repute of a board which includes Dwight D. Eisenhower as honorary chairman and Herbert Hoover as honorary president. But organized labor is inclined to regard the foundation as a vehicle for promoting business conservatism and right-wing views. The organization is thought to have expanded its budget from $327,000 to more than $700,000 in the last five or six years.

Manion Forum of South Bend, Ind., was set up in 1954 by former Dean Clarence E. Manion of Notre Dame Law College. Dean Manion was dismissed from a minor post in the Eisenhower Administration after he supported the Bricker Amendment and advocated selling the Tennessee Valley Authority. His radio program, on which he interviews noted fellow "conservatives," goes out weekly to over some 240 stations in 41 states. Manion's operation is said to have doubled financially since 1958, and in 1962 was estimated at $600,000.

Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y., is a sedate spokesman for *laissez-faire* economics. Its founder and long-time head is Leonard Read; its trustees are important corporation executives. It publishes a monthly magazine, *The Freeman.* The foundation's materials are distributed by lobbyists for such causes as the abolition of rent controls. Its estimated annual expenditure approaches $560,000.

American Economic Foundation of New York and Cleveland is another old line organization, formed in the 1930's "to help bring about a better understanding of American business so that friction among economic groups may be reduced and the benefits of American capitalism may become more apparent to everybody." The founder and general chairman is Fred G. Clark, New York insurance man. Its activities include the indoctrination of school teachers and distribution of educational materials. Its expenditures, judged to be more than $300,000 in 1958, were reported nearer the $1 million mark last year.

Money raised and spent is one measure of right-wing influence but not necessarily the most accurate. Below the half-million dollar line among the top 30 groups we find some of the most politically potent and colorful. For example:

Dan Smoot of Dallas, Texas, former Harvard English teacher and FBI man, former commentator for H. L. Hunt's now-defunct "Facts Forum." Smoot is personable, a forceful, dynamic speaker. He has been in business for himself since 1955, putting out a weekly magazine called the *Dan Smoot Report* and a weekly TV and radio broadcast available for commercial sponsorship. Smoot wars with "socialism" in government and is an arch-foe of the Council on Foreign Relations, which he describes as "the controlling center of a vast complex of tax-exempt organizations whose key officials have become the invisible government of the United States. . . ." Its budget is estimated at $455,000.

American Security Council of Chicago, a non-profit corporation formed in 1955 by William F. Carroll, also formerly of the FBI. Its 1960 brochure said the council was organized by industry "as a national, centrally located research and information center on subversive activities. It gathers, correlates and indexes factual information about Communist and other statist movements." The council has been described as operating a "loyalty-security" blacklist for employers. It has a National Strategy Committee that includes retired generals and admirals. Estimated budget: $256,000.

National Education Program of Searcy, Ark., led by the talented and ubiquitous Dr. George S. Benson, president of Harding College, a small institution that has been called the academic center of the right-wing. The NEP (tax-exempt) turned out the famed "Communism on the Map" film. Dr. Benson has praised the John Birch Society warmly and provided a forum for its speakers. Estimated budget: about $240,000.

Kent and Phoebe Courtney of New Orleans, publisher and editor respectively of *The Independent American,* a strident sheet published about once a month. This husband-and-wife team wholeheartedly endorsed Welch's critical view of former President Eisenhower. In 1961 they became disillusioned with Goldwater as "tainted by socialism" but they have rallied to his support. Estimated budget: about $281,000.

Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., of Philadelphia, founded in 1953 by Frank Chodorov, a writer and contributor to *Human Events* and the *National Review.* The society was formed to offer students "some convincing literature on the alternative to socialism." By 1962 it was mailing its material to 13,000 students. Among its graduates are the founders of the bumptious Young Americans for Freedom.

Americans for Constitutional Action, set up in Washington, D. C. in 1958 avowedly as a counter to the vote-listing activities of the liberal Americans for Democratic Action and to reverse what was seen as a

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Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Upon my tongues continuous slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
– Henry IV

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trend toward the welfare state. Its board of trustees is headed by Admiral Ben Moreell, retired naval officer and former board chairman of Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation. ACA works closely with *Human Events*. Its purpose is to elect "constitutional conservatives" to Congress.

Circuit Riders, Inc., of Cincinnati, established in 1951 by a Methodist group opposing the Methodist Federation for Social Action. The executive secretary is M. G. Lowman, a former distributor of air-conditioning equipment. *Circuit Riders* is tax-exempt. Its first president, Mississippi lawyer John C. Satterfield, was president of the American Bar Association in 1961-62 and went on to lend distinction to the Coordinating Committee for Fundamental American Freedoms as its secretary-treasurer. That committee was formed last year to fight the civil rights bill.

Citizens Foreign Aid Committee of Washington, a small but effective and ably-run lobby organized in 1959 to battle against the foreign aid program. The national director is Brigadier General Bonner Fellers (US Army, Ret.), who served on General Douglas MacArthur's staff in World War II. General Fellers is a Birch Society endorser and has served on the national advisory committee of the Hargis Christian Crusade. His citizens committee is tied in with the Birch Society and other right-wing groups.

In a special category, there is the one-man show of Marvin Liebman of New York, an engaging public relations man and former Communist who puts a Madison Avenue touch on full-page newspaper advertisements promoting various right-wing viewpoints. He helped organize the "Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations" and the "American Committee for Aid to Katanga," among others.

Civil Rights Is Red

Looking over Right field as of now, one concludes that the movement is relatively small in terms of membership. The interlocking directorates and the tendency to take in one another's washing bespeak a certain poverty. The Ku Klux Klan, with a membership of between 48,000 and 65,000 (the figures are not made public) may be the only one capable of sparking mass violence. (It is also the only such group that the Goldwater Republicans have been able to bring themselves to condemn by name.) It is not so long ago that the Klan was a sinister power in the South and parts of the Midwest, and there is no telling how great its renascence may be during the civil rights struggles that lie ahead. The John Birch Society, Hargis' Christian Crusade, the Reverend Carl McIntire, Dan Smoot and others all hammer home charges that the civil rights movement has been infiltrated by Communists. Some of them regard the expansion of Negro rights as part of a Red conspiracy for taking over the United States. Thus, in his *Christian Beacon* of June 11, McIntire carried an open letter to Martin Luther King in which he read the Negro leader a lesson on Christian morality, and obedience to law, "I tell you, Dr. King," said he, "that you have been leading us down a blind alley. You are making the Communists to rejoice and giving them the grist they need for their propaganda mills."

Robert Welch, in the July-August issue of *American Opinion*, speaks of the "infamous" civil rights bill which Ezra Taft Benson had called "part of the pattern for the Communist takeover of America." The article goes on to say that the enemies of mankind are going forward with increasing boldness "with their preparations for a race war in the United States," and that the National Council of Churches was using the campus of Ohio's Western College for Women "to train an assemblage of your do-gooders and dupes in the art of inciting race riots in the state of Mississippi, which the conspiracy is believed to have selected as the first state in which the white population is to be liquidated in not-too-easy stages." The article adds that bands of Negro criminals are being trained in the Japanese techniques of silent killing, in line with a plan to start a systematic ambushing and murder of whites.

A distinctive contributor to the Birch Society magazine is Revilo P. Oliver of the University of Illinois. A gray-haired man of elegant bearing and a professor of classical languages, Oliver might be described as the anti-intellectual's intellectual. He flatters his rustic audiences with references to obscure French philosophers and peppers his monologue with quotations in foreign

Keeping Tabs on the Right

Thanks to Group Research, Inc., which has a modest suite of offices in Washington, D. C., the assessment of the finances of right-wing groups is less difficult than it would have been two years ago. Group Research was organized early in 1962 by Wesley McCune, who has served on the Washington staffs of *Newsweek*, *Time* and *Life* and was a senior editor of Kiplinger's magazine, *Changing Times*. In 1956, he became director of public relations for the National Farmers Union.

Group Research gets its support from organized labor and other groups to which it sells its services. The right-wing has called it a "new American Gestapo." It is not. W. K. W., JR.

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tongues. He was a great hit at Hargis' first anti-Communism school at Tulsa a couple of years back, when he scorned the government's efforts "to win the favor of every mangy cannibal in Africa." "You speet in their faces and they call it dew," Oliver said, attributing the remark to Nikita Khrushchev.

Oliver got into trouble with his university because of an article he wrote for the February issue of Welch's magazine, accusing the late President John F. Kennedy of having been in league with the Communists. Welch called it "superb commentary," but that enthusiasm was not shared by university president David D. Henry and the board of trustees. They were outraged. In the end, academic freedom sheltered Professor Oliver; the university took no disciplinary action. In *American Opinion's* May issue, Oliver took note of the controversy: "I rudely jabbed a pen into a particularly sensitive boil on our enfevered and infected body politic," he wrote. ". . . The conspiracy pushed the button and set its slime-machine to squirting from its thousand nozzles throughout the country. . . . The article as a whole was particularly obnoxious to the vermin because it served to break the hypnosis that they had induced in a large part of the American public by propagating the strange notion that the decease of Kennedy somehow made it wicked to remember what he had done while alive."

As Allies of Goldwater

Whether the embrace of the more fanatical who see conspiracy everywhere they look is an asset or liability to the Goldwater campaign cannot be determined. Nor is there any way of telling just how much the Far Right's efforts had to do with Goldwater's nomination. While refusing to condemn the John Birch Society, Mr. Goldwater has not hesitated to call Welch's views "very far removed from reality and common sense." He has urged that Welch resign.

Nevertheless, Goldwater has been the right-wing's only hope for years, and it did its utmost to advance him to leadership of the Republican Party. (The celebrated John Birch leader, Tom Anderson of Nashville, told a rally in San Francisco that, "if the Republican Party doesn't nominate Barry Goldwater, I hope it drops dead on the spot.")

To illustrate further, in an epistle that went out to the faithful January 7, headed "Goldwater for President," Phoebe Courtney recalled that she and her husband had been in the forefront of the Goldwater drive at the Chicago GOP convention in 1960. In the six weeks before that convention, which nominated the ill-fated Richard M. Nixon, they had distributed 100,000 copies of their Tax Fax pamphlet backing Goldwater, and with contributions they received they were able to open their own Goldwater headquarters at Chicago's Hotel Morrison. Phoebe recalled that she and Kent had been able to sponsor a Chicago rally at which the principal speakers were Robert Welch, Tom Anderson and "that great anti-Communist," former Senator William Jenner. She also observed that all the Goldwater-for-President placards carried by demonstrators on the convention floor in 1960 had been printed in the Courtneys' shop.

The May-June issue of their *Independent American* carried a political action broadside, printed as an insert for wide distribution and written "in order to expose the soft-on-Communism attitudes of Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon and other members of the Council on Foreign Relations." Headlined "Meet the Eastern Kingmakers of the Republican Party," the broadside printed six pictures of eminent Republicans who had been within handshaking distance of Khrushchev, at one time or another, and had been photographed with him. The Republicans were Nixon, Rockefeller, Lodge, Eisenhower, former Secretary of State Christian Herter and former Undersecretary of State C. Douglas Dillon, now Secretary of the Treasury.

"In California," Mrs. Courtney said in a June 17 letter, "the left-wing press loudly beat the drums for Rockefeller because of his Oregon victory, and so we concentrated again, on Rockefeller, sending thousands and thousands of our anti-Rockefeller Tax Fax pamphlets into California by air express because the time was so short – and Rockefeller lost!"

Rockefeller was by then used to such attacks. A year previously, he had warned that ". . . the Republican Party is in real danger of subversion by a radical, well-financed and highly-disciplined minority." When he got back to New York after the California primary, Governor Rockefeller was more explicit. In an interview he referred to 200 bomb threats he said had been received at Rockefeller-for-President offices in California. The women workers, in particular, would get telephone calls late at night, with threats and vile language. On one occasion some youngsters from the Goldwater camp invaded a Rockefeller reception in Los Angeles, doctoring the punch and spoiling the sandwiches.

There is some tendency among progressives to regard the Far Right's preoccupation with alleged left-wing conspiracies as so palpably absured that those who are so preoccupied must be either crazy or dishonest. I have attended ultra-conservative meetings as a newspaper reporter for several years. My net impression is that most of the people involved really do believe the nation is being turned over to the Communists without a fight. Some, at the John Birch Society end of the spectrum, are convinced that our most eminent leaders of the last few decades, Democrat and Republican, have been traitors. Others view them simply as liberal dupes who have played the Red game. In either case, once the original conspiracy theory is swallowed, the rest of the phantasmagoria follows.

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What's "Eating" Us?

Louis J. Halle on Our National Demoralization

To an American who observes his country from afar it presents, today, a paradox that no glib explanation suffices to resolve. As the number of years that have elapsed since World War II approaches 20, it becomes evident that American policy has been notably successful in overcoming the immense problems, both domestic and foreign, that challenged it at the War's end. Yet today there is evidence of a *malaise* among the American people that amounts to widespread demoralization. One has the impression that, just at the moment when anyone might expect them to be congratulating themselves on the successful development of their postwar economy, and on the successful frustration of the Soviet Union's postwar bid for world hegemony, a large part of them are concluding that the conditions of their life at home and the position of their country in the world are intolerable. The most notable evidence of this is that Senator Goldwater, leading what amounts to a revolt against the 20th Century, has captured the Republican Party and now commands the support of perhaps a third of the American people.

I shall not deal here with the record of our American success since the War except to say briefly what it is. Twenty years ago there was widespread fear of a postwar economic collapse. This was based on the experience of what happened after World War I, and especially on the still vivid memory of the Great Depression, which began some 10 years after that War and was ended, at last, only by World War II. One recalls how, after the Second World War, Soviet and other economists predicted, with what was then considered plausibility, that our economy would suffer another and similar postwar breakdown, which would finally discredit capitalism and open the way for a worldwide Communist take-over. So far from this happening, the United States has become a society affluent beyond anything hitherto known to history, and with an affluence enjoyed in varying degree by a substantial majority of its people.

At the end of the War, as became vividly apparent in the terrible winter of 1947-48, the economies of Great Britain and Western Europe generally were on the verge of total breakdown. At the same time, the Soviet Union, with an army of five or six million men, 50,000 tanks, and 20,000 aircraft, was completing its conquest of Eastern Europe, and it loomed so dangerously over the exhausted remains of Western Europe as to arouse alarm that its rapidly spreading empire would soon extend to the English Channel. Only the United States had the means to oppose and contain that empire; and only the United States had the means that might enable the West Europeans to get back on their feet.

Today there is no longer any imminent threat to the Western European nations from the Red Army, and they, like the United States, are enjoying a prosperity unprecedented in history. At least in the northern tier of states, the greatest economic problems today are those of the Marxist countries, which have been notably less successful than the West in providing a good life for their peoples. The contrast between the affluence on the Western side of the Iron Curtain and the poverty on the eastern side, together with the contrast between the freedom on one side and the restrictions on the other, is today attracting the eastern countries toward the West, and is tending to discredit the Communist movement.

Today the policy of Moscow under Mr. Khrushchev has produced such a long record of failures that the possibility over which we should properly be worried is that, discredited by these failures, he might be overthrown and replaced by opponents who advocate a return to such extremist policies as were associated with the reign of Stalin (by those, in other words, who are the Russian counterpart of Senator Goldwater). The effort that he made to capture West Berlin, from 1958 to 1962, failed. In any cool appraisal of Cuba today it must be accounted a net liability to Moscow, as well as being the scene of Mr. Khrushchev's greatest humiliation. (Surely it is only a matter of time, now, before the artificial and tenuous ties between Russia and Cuba are abandoned, probably to the relief of both parties.) Finally, the long-standing conflict between Moscow and the present regime in Peking has taken a turn so ominous for Moscow that it no longer finds itself in a position to pursue an aggressive policy of westward expansion and is, in fact, trying to come

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to terms with the West.

Today the so-called satellites of Moscow are in the gradual process of liberating themselves. By contrast with the situation at the end of the 1940's, most of them have in varying degrees achieved a measure of national independence that we may confidently expect to increase with the irremediable development of polycentrism in the Communist world.

I am aware of the fact that there continue to be great and terrible problems ahead for us – chaos in the Congo, in Cyprus, in Vietnam, in Malaysia: explosive potentialities in Latin America; the possibility of breakdown in India; the threat of Red China; de Gaulle's intractability. At home there are the problems of urban sprawl, teenage violence, inadequate schools and (above all) the racial conflict. It is normal, however, to have great foreign problems in the world of the 20th Century, and those that present themselves today seem to me, on the whole, rather less menacing than those we have hitherto faced and overcome. The domestic problems, on the other hand, are to a considerable extent associated with the demoralization that is the theme of this article. It is only a sort of demoralization that has so far prevented us from dealing vigorously with the problems of education, of urban sprawl, etc. – for it is certainly not that we lack the resources to deal with them.

As to the racial violence, it is perhaps even more directly associated with our national demoralization. For almost a century the lot of the American Negro, and his status as a citizen, had been improving steadily but slowly. A dozen years ago it was a matter of both common and expert observation that the South was moving in the direction of equality for the Negro, although at a rate that could hardly be measured in less than decades. Rather suddenly, however, the long-strained patience of the Negro population, and of many white sympathizers, has come to an end. Gradual evolution is no longer acceptable and the demand is for full and equal rights now. It is this demand, however justified, and the abandonment of patience that it represents, which has produced the present racial crisis. But the abandonment of patience, the refusal of the self-discipline that patience imposes, is itself one of the signs of demoralization. Racial violence is a symptom of the American *malaise* at least as much as it is a prime cause.

America the Spoiled

I write as one who finds some features of the present American scene unexpected. The emotional violence of the conservative reaction against the New Deal in the 1930's is still vivid in my memory – but that was a generation ago, and I would not have expected that, 30 years later, the country would still not have reconciled itself to what the New Deal represented. An enlarged role for the federal government was bound to appear abnormal in the eyes of the dominant generations of the 1930's; but it has represented the normal state of things for the dominant generations of the 1960's, who have lived all their adult lives, at least, in the welfare state.

Fifteen years ago it was observed that a major proportion of those who supported the reactionary position of Senator Robert Taft were people over 60, people who were still able to regard the graduated income tax, for example, as a wicked innovation. It was understandable that people of that generation, brought up to regard the world of 1912 as the norm, should be outraged by American involvement in Old World power-politics, by big government, and by all the other fundamental changes that had taken place since. Because the political support of the elderly is a wasting asset, however, I supposed that we were seeing the last of a reaction identified so largely with them. The fact that it is stronger than ever today shows that I was wrong.

I appear to have been similarly wrong in my judgment of McCarthyism a dozen years ago. At the time it seemed easy to explain. The experience of national insecurity, which was normal for virtually every other nation in the world, was novel for the American people. They had always tended to suppose that the United States was all-powerful, and now they were confronted with Russia's success in breaking the American atomic monopoly, with the defection of China from its traditional American friendship (a defection mistakenly regarded as the capture of China by Moscow), and with the frustrations of the Korean War. It was to be expected that a demagogue like McCarthy would arise to capitalize on this, and to produce the kind of domestic crisis we had had repeatedly in our history ever since the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. Like all the other crises before it, this one too would pass and be forgotten.

It did in fact pass. What I had not foreseen, however, was the more-or-less permanent residue it left behind it in the form of the chronic McCarthyism represented by the John Birch Society and by the preponderance of the support on which the new leadership of the Republican Party is able to count.

We face a compound paradox. It is paradoxical in itself that, at a time when the immediate danger of nuclear war has diminished notably, when the United States is more secure than it has been in at least a dozen years, when the Communist world is at last conspicuously breaking up, when the threat posed by the Red Army for the Atlantic allies hardly exists any more, and when there has at last been a relaxation in

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the conflict called the Cold War – that at such a time a large proportion of the American people should suddenly act as if the United States had its back to the wall. It is paradoxical in itself that, at a time when moderation is winning, and when the situation has become so much less desperate, a large proportion of the American people appear ready to turn to the extremists and to accept their counsels of desperation.

One general explanation that has been offered of the *malaise* manifested by the American people today attributes it to the loss of faith in the traditional religious and moral tenets that has been a consequence of growing scientific knowledge. This seems to me altogether plausible within its limits, but inadequate. The loss of faith is a long-range phenomenon all over the world, but the demoralization in question is peculiar to the United States. Certainly there is nothing like it in Western Europe, where morale is higher than it has been at any time since the early years of the century. The masses of the European population are far from being less ignorant than the masses of Americans, but today they appear to be relatively proof against the kind of fantasies that are sweeping a large part of the American population, and that are summed up in the movement now led by Senator Goldwater. They do not stampede at words like "Communism," however anti-Communist they may be; they are not unduly alarmed or outraged when others do not share their ideological views; they give no indication of wanting to return to the past; and they show no disposition to risk their own extinction by following a leader who undertakes to impose surrender on Moscow by threatening it with nuclear weapons. These phenomena simply do not exist outside the United States, although the erosion of traditional belief by science does.

The European peoples, enjoying their prosperity, also seem to lack the feeling, which appears to be widespread among the American people, that a continuance of the present situation would somehow be intolerable.

I do not pretend that I have the final explanation of this peculiar American phenomenon, but I shall allow myself some speculation at least.

The first point that I shall make here is superficial and probably represents no more than a contributory factor to the present *malaise*. There is a sense in which our nation, by contrast with others, is simply spoiled. The American people are spoiled in the sense that wealthy people show themselves spoiled when they bewail the intolerable hardship that they suffer, let us say, by having to winter in Florida rather than in the Bahamas. People like this arrive at a point where they are constantly dissatisfied and unhappy – where they end up, often enough, under permanent psychiatric care. I seem to detect something of this dissatisfaction and unhappiness in the American people today.

Let me give a specific example. When I lived in a small American town, some eight years ago, the postmen were so bitter about having to deliver the mail on foot from door to door (in one of the loveliest residential areas there ever was) that the Post Office Department finally provided trucks to carry them on their rounds. In equivalent residential areas outside Geneva the postmen negotiate much steeper hills by bicycle or on foot, and any of them would be either incredulous or amused if I told them that an American postman would consider this an unacceptable hardship. Here in the Alps, where I am writing this, our local postman walks miles up a mountainside twice a day to deliver the mail. My point is that the Swiss postmen appear contented while the American postmen appear to be leading painfully dissatisfied lives – although they are better off by all the criteria of the economies. Their morale is low. One has the feeling that something is "eating" them.

One has the feeling today that something is "eating" the American people.

Illusion of Omnipotence

Since this only begs the question, let me now try to go a bit deeper. The Russians, who for a thousand years have repeatedly suffered massacre and the devastation of their land by invaders, have acquired a sense of their weakness and a suspicious hostility toward all foreigners that makes them dangerous and difficult to deal with. This historic fear of the more powerful and more competent foreigner has always made it hard for them to establish constructive and rewarding relationships with other nations. We Americans, by contrast, have enjoyed a history of security and success, since our difficult beginnings, that has made us conscious of our strength and superiority, that has given us what Sir Denis Brogan has called "the illusion of American omnipotence." This in its own way has made it hard for us, too, to establish constructive and rewarding relationships with other nations.

Unfortunately, in terms of the present context, we have from the beginning, and traditionally, regarded our national success as the reward of superior virtue. In our national mythology we are the high-minded people who escaped from the tyrannical monarchies and the sordid power-politics of an unregenerate Old World to found a new and better society in our virgin continent, a society in which all men were free and equal, a society that scorned power-politics, a society that God had undertaken to protect, by the great oceans, from the corruption of the rest of the world. If, then, we were successful beyond any nation in the world's history, and if we grew into the most powerful nation on earth, this was the reward of our unique vir-

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tue. It was also the demonstration that our way of life should be accepted by the rest of mankind as the key to its salvation. The consciousness of a contrast between the virtue of our New World and the corrupt ways of the Old was a luxury that we enjoyed, I think, right up to the Second World War.

Today, however, the contrast has become meaningless in objective terms. For one thing, the European nations are no longer tyrannical monarchies playing dynastic power-politics. The Western European nations are essentially as democratic and egalitarian as we are. For another, the oceans no longer isolate us physically, since they can now be crossed, not in two or three months as formerly, but in less than half a day. What has happened is that the whole basis of what we conceived to be our separateness and our distinction is gone.

Lost Innocence

The American way of life is not conspicuously different today from the way of life in other free countries, and as a resident of Switzerland I don't see how I could maintain that (personal preferences aside) it was objectively better than the Swiss way of life. I don't see how I could maintain that it was objectively better than the way of life in England, in France, in Holland or in Sweden. The distinction that had a basis in the days of George III, and that still had some basis in the days of Kaiser William II (when we went to war to "make the world safe for democracy"), no longer has one. The United States has come to be one nation in a community of nations that all belong to the same species and that are, in terms of moral virtue, essentially equal. This has destroyed our image of ourselves. It has robbed us of our essential identity. It has thereby undermined the traditional foundations of our national self-respect.

When people lose their sense of identity, and the self-respect that goes with it, they are in danger of breakdown.

The present crisis, then, is a crisis in identity. It confronts us with the need either to recapture our lost identity or, if that is impossible, to acquire a new identity that is tenable in terms of the world as it is today. To state the matter bluntly, what confronts us today is the choice between a retreat into fantasy, which can only lead to breakdown, or an adjustment to reality.

Goldwaterism represents a sentiment particularly associated with small-town America. The sentiment is that of a nostalgia for the days when the moral distinction between the New World and the Old was clear, when it was supported by our traditional abstinence from overseas entanglements, when it was represented by our rejection of governmental paternalism (in 1776 and ever after), and when we could more easily think of ourselves as enjoying the envious admiration of the rest of the world. What Goldwaterism represents, in other words, is the retreat into fantasy.

I grant that Senator Goldwater is not overtly an isolationist. The isolationist attitude, however, is almost inseparable from the attitude, which he represents, that foreign nations have got to do what we with our superior virtue tell them to do. Even to the extent that these attitudes are separable, both are bound to lead to the same thing in terms of their consequences. The real opposite of the isolationist attitude is the disposition to meet other nations halfway, and this is regarded as essentially immoral by the Goldwater following. It is immoral to meet the French halfway, and it is even more immoral to meet the Russians halfway.

I do not pretend to have the whole answer to our difficulty in adjusting ourselves to the 20th Century, but I suspect that as a nation we remained virgin too long. The virginity of our tender youth came to seem such a precious possession in itself that we wanted to keep it into our mature age – never to give it up. What we are witnessing now is the manifestation of a powerful nostalgia for our lost innocence. The appeal of Senator Goldwater is, precisely, that he advocates a return to the virginity that we lost during the long periods of Democratic rule from Wilson through Truman.

Why should this nostalgia manifest itself more now than, say, four years ago?

Perhaps the answer is that the sense of emergency seemed to justify at least a temporary abandonment of our normative principles (associated with our traditional identity) in 1917, in 1933, in 1941 and again in 1947. The fact that there is less occasion for a sense of emergency today may be precisely what now gives occasion for the renewed expression of a nostalgia that we have felt all along. Today, we think, we can at last return to what President Harding called "normalcy."

The great question is how long it is going to take us, still, to do what every individual must do when he reaches the time for maturity. How long is it going to take us, still, to recognize and accept the real world of the present, to establish our identity in terms of it, to relate ourselves to it?

We had better pray God that our nation is at last in the final throes of the long agony of adjustment that it has been undergoing ever since 1898, when it became a world power. For the fact is that the allegiance to what Senator Goldwater represents of roughly a third of our electorate, and of one of our two great political parties, is disqualifying it in the eyes of others for the continued moral and political leadership that it assumed so gallantly, so hopefully, and with so much success after the Second World War.

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Odysseus, Flat on His Back

by Irving Howe

Where shall a contemporary novel begin? Perhaps unavoidably: with the busted hero reeling from a messy divorce and moaning in a malodorous furnished room; picking at his psyche's wounds like a boy at knee scabs; rehearsing the mighty shambles of ambition ("how I rose from humble origins to complete disaster"); cursing the heart-and-ball breakers, both wives and volunteers, who have, he claims, laid him low; snarling contempt at his own self-pity with a Johnsonian epigram, "Grief, Sir, is a species of idleness"; and yet, amidst all this woe, bubbling with intellectual hope, as also with intellectual gas, and consoling himself with the truth that indeed "there were worse cripples around."

Herzog
by Saul Bellow
(Viking; $5.75)

This is Moses Herzog, hero-patsy of Saul Bellow's extremely, if also unevenly, brilliant new novel. Herzog is a representative man of the sixties, eaten away by those "personal relations" which form the glory and the foolishness of a post-political intelligentsia. He is a good scholar, but cannot complete his books. He rips off imaginary letters to great men, finessing their wisdom and patronizing their mistakes. He is a lady-killer, "aging" at 47 and worried about his potency. He is a loving father twice-divorced, who each time has left behind him a child as token of good will. He is a true-blue Jewish groaner, and perversely, groans against fashionable despair. Inside or outside our skins, we all know Herzog: *Hypocrite lecteur – mon semblable – mein shlemiehl.* Hungering for a life of large significance, eager for "a politics in the Aristotelian sense," he nevertheless keeps melting into the mercies of women, each of whom, in sequence, really understands him.

Herzog is Bellow's sixth novel and in many ways the most remarkable. All of his books – whether melancholy realism, moral fable or picaresque fantasia – represent for him a new departure, a chosen risk in form and perception. Bellow has the most powerful mind among contemporary American novelists, or at least, he is the American novelist who best assimilates his intelligence to creative purpose. This might have been foreseen at the beginning of his career, for he has always been able to turn out a first-rate piece of discursive prose; what could not have been foreseen was that he would also become a virtuoso of fictional technique and language.

Behind Bellow's writing there is always a serious intention, but as he grows older he becomes increasingly devoted to the idea of the novel as sheer spectacle. His last few books comprise a hectic and at times ghastly bazaar of contemporary experience; they ring with the noise of struggle; characters dash in and out, glistening with bravura; adventures pile up merrily, as if the decline of the West had not been definitely proclaimed; the male characters plunge and rise, mad for transcendence; the women (a little tiresomely) are all very beautiful and mostly very damaging. And the language spins.

Before and, I hope, after everything else has been said, *Herzog* should be praised as a marvellously animated performance. It is a book that makes one greedy for the next page, the next character. Racing ahead like a sped-up movie, the action covers a brief time in the life of Herzog and nimbly reaches back and forth to segments of his immigrant childhood in Montreal, his failed marriages, his intellectual spirallings, and his recent lady-hopping. The minor figures are drawn as sharp caricature, without the distraction of psychological probe or nuance, and sometimes, when Bellow's zest becomes compulsive, a little over-focused. There are foul-mouth lawyers, boiling with drug-store wisdom, professional chicanery and "potato love"; a couple of tough-spirited aunts; a sadly ineffectual father fumbling at bootleggery; a professor who loves, solely but purely, his monkey. There are Herzog's ladies of the season: Sono, a Japanese doll who soothes the spirit and, Oriental-style, washes the back of Master Moses in an Upper West Side bathtub while cooing at him in baby French, "mon professeur d'amour," and Ramona, bravely marching into middle age with an overload of "understanding" and graduate credentials in sex, who "entered a room provocatively . . . one hand touching her thigh, as though she carried a knife in her garter belt."

And then the demons, the evil spirits: Madeleine, the wife who betrays; Valentine Gersbach, the best friend with whom she does it.

A talentless buffoon-double of the talented hero, Valentine Gersbach (what a name!) booms out the latest highbrow cant in his great bearish voice and ends by lecturing to Hadassah clubs on Martin Buber. Toward Valentine, Bellow is merciless, yet one is seldom troubled by this open display of aggression; for there is no pretense in this novel that we are being shown a world which exists, self-sufficient, apart from the neurotic inflammations of the central figure. Gersbach is a clown, a windbag, a traitor, the kind of man who makes intellectuals wish they were dead when they hear him parroting their words; yet he is utterly alive, one waits for him to reappear on the page, and finally even he wins a moment of humane redemption: secretly, angrily Herzog watches Gersbach bathing his (Herzog's) little girl and must admit to himself that the act, though done by a betrayer, is yet done with tenderness.

Madeleine is drawn with pure venom,

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a sentiment capable of generating in writers, as in other men, great quantities of energy. She is, naturally, a beauty; she piddles in Russian intellectual history and Catholic conversion; she outmaneuvers the slumping Herzog not merely at sexual games (where she has, after all, the advantage of youth) but also in intellectual competition. When Herzog complains about her extravagance, her arrogance, her paranoia, she replies with the great modern rationale: "Anyway, it'll never be boring." A moony schoolgirl meets Madeleine, and describes her in a phrase embodying the great modern cant: "She gives a sense of significant encounter." With her postures of depth, screeches of enthusiasm, learned references and distinguished airs, Madeleine is the female pseudo-intellectual done, and done in, once and for all. The portrait is unjust, an utter libel, but a classic of male retaliation.

Herzog himself is not, in the traditional sense, a novelistic character at all. He is observed neither from a cool distance nor through intimate psychological penetration. We experience him intensely, entering his very bones; yet, trapped as we are in his inner turmoil, we cannot be certain that finally we know him. For Bellow has not provided a critical check: there is no way of learning what any of the other characters, by way of Jamesian correction, might think or feel about Herzog. Bellow offers not a full-scale characterization but a full-length exposure of a state of being. We do not see Herzog acting in the world, we are made captive in the world of Herzog. The final picture is that of Herzog in cross-section, bleeding from the cut.

In one sense, then, there is a complete identification between Bellow and Herzog: the consciousness of the character forms the enclosing medium of the novel. But in a more important respect Bellow manages skillfully to avoid the kind of identification which might lead one to conclude that he "favors" his central character or fails to see through his weaknesses and falsities – a fault that could radically distort the line of vision by which everything is to be considered. That Herzog cannot accurately perceive the other figures in the novel and that we are closely confined to his sense of them, is true and in ways I shall later suggest, a limitation. But not a crippling limitation. For it soon becomes clear that, while totally committed to Herzog's experience, Bellow is not nearly so committed to his estimate of that experience.

Things, to be sure, do not always work out neatly. There are sections in which the malice toward Madeleine gets out of hand, so much so that one suspects Bellow of settling private scores. And while the device of having Herzog compose imaginary letters is often amusing –

> "Dear Doktor Professor Heidigger, I should like to know what you mean by the expression 'the fall into the quotidian.' When did this fall occur? Where were we standing when it happened?"

– one becomes somewhat irked at being unable, at times, to grasp which of the letters are serious, that is, Bellow's opinions, and which are not, that is, Herzog's conniptions. Ambiguity? No doubt. We all know about this prime blessing of modern literature; but there are occasions when the uses of ambiguity can themselves be ambiguous, shading off into confusion or evasiveness.

For the most part, however, *Herzog* marks a notable advance in technique over Bellow's previous books. He has become a master of something that is rarely discussed in criticism because it is hard to do more than point toward it: the art of timing, which concerns the massing, centering and disposition of the characters and creates a sense of delight in the sheer motion of the narrative.

Bellow has also found a good solution to a technical problem which keeps arising in the contemporary novel. Most readers, I imagine, groan a little when they see a novelist wheeling into position one of those lengthy and leaden flashbacks in which, we know in advance, the trauma will be unveiled that is to explain the troubles of time-present. These flashbacks, by now one of the dreariest conventions of the novel, result in a lumpiness of narrative surface and blockage of narrative flow. But Bellow has managed to work out a form in which the illusion of simultaneity of time – a blend of past with the present-moving-into-future – is nicely maintained. Instead of the full-scale flashback, which often rests on the mistaken premise that a novelist needs to provide a psychiatric or sociological casebook on his characters, Bellow allows the consciousness of his narrator to flit about in time, restlessly, nervously, thereby capturing essential fragments of the past as they break into the awareness of the present. Through these interlockings of time – brief, dramatic and made to appear simultaneous – he creates the impression of a sustained rush of experience.

Bellow began his career as a novelist of somber intellectuality: his impressive early book *The Victim* asks almost to be read as a fable concerning the difficulties of attempting a secure moral judgment in our day. With *Augie March* he made a sharp turn, casting aside the urban contemplativeness and melancholy of his previous work, and deciding to regard American life as wonderfully "open," a great big shapeless orange bursting with the juices of vitality. Though in some ways his most virtuoso performance, *Augie March* suffers from a programatic exuberance: it is fun to watch the turns and tricks the suddenly acrobatic Bellow can execute, yet hard to suppress a touch of anxiety concerning his heart-beat.

With *Augie March* Bellow also began to work out a new fictional style, for which there may be some predecessors – just possibly Daniel Fuchs and Nathanael West – but which in the main is an original achievement. By now it has come to be imitated by many American Jewish novelists as well as by a few gentiles trying wistfully to pass, but none of these manages it nearly so well as Bellow himself.

What Bellow did was to leave behind him the bleak neutrality of naturalistic prose and the quavering sensibility of the Jamesian novel: the first, he seemed to feel, was too lifeless and the second insufficiently masculine. Beginning with *Augie March* – but none of this applies to his masterful novella, *Seize the Day* – Bellow's prose becomes strongly anti-literary, a roughing up of diction and breaking down of syntax in order to avoid familiar patterns and expectations. The prose now consists of a rich, thick impasto of verbal color in which a splatter of sidewalk elo-

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quence is mixed with erudite by-play. Together with this planned coarsening of texture, there is a great emphasis on speed, a violent wrenching and even forcing of images, all the consequence of his wish to break away from the stateliness of the literary sentence. Analytic refinement is sacrificed to sensuous vigor, careful psychological notation to the brawling of energy, syntactical qualification to kinesthetic thrust. (One is reminded a bit of action painting.) Psychology is out, absolutely out: for to psychologize means to reflect, to hesitate, to qualify, to modulate, to analyze. By contrast, the aim of Bellow's neo-baroque style is to communicate sensations of immediacy and intensity, even when dealing with abstract intellectual topics – to communicate, above all, the sense that men are still alive. Toward this end he is prepared to yield niceties of phrasing, surface finish, sometimes even coherence of structure.

It is a style admirably suited to the flaming set-piece, the rapid vignette, the picaresque excursion. But it is not so well suited to a sustained and complex action, or a lengthy flow of experience, or a tragic plot, or what George Moore, in discussing the nature of fiction, called the "rhythmic sequence of events." In *Augie March* there is a run of action but hardly a plot; in *Herzog* a superbly-realized situation but hardly a developing action; and in both of these novels, as well as in *Henderson*, not much of a "rhythmic sequence of events." That is why, I think, none of them has a fully satisfying denouement, an organic fulfillment of the action. In principle these books could continue forever, and that is one reason Bellow finds it hard to end them. He simply stops, much against one's will.

Finally, Bellow's style draws heavily from the Yiddish, not so much in borrowed diction as in underlying intonation and rhythm. Bellow's relation to Yiddish is much more easy and authoritative than that of most other American Jewish writers. The jabbing interplay of ironies, the intimate vulgarities, the strange blend of sentimental and sardonic which characterizes Yiddish speech are lassoed into Bellow's English: so that what we get is not a sick exploitation of folk memory but a vibrant linguistic and cultural transmutation. (Precisely at the moment when Yiddish is dying off as an independent language, it has experienced an astonishing, and not always happy, migration into American culture. In two or three decades students of American literature may have to study Yiddish for reasons no worse than those for which students of English literature study Anglo-Saxon.)

One of the most pleasing aspects of *Herzog* is that Bellow has brought together his two earlier manners: the melancholy and the bouncy, the "Russian" and the "American," *Seize the Day* and *Augie March*. *Herzog* is almost free of the gratuitous verbalism which marred *Augie March*, yet retains its vividness and richness of texture. The writing is now purer, chastened and a great deal more disciplined.

There is a similar marshalling of Bellow's earlier themes. For some years now he has been obsessed with that fatigue of spirit which hangs so dismally over contemporary life. *Seize the Day* shows a man utterly exhausted,

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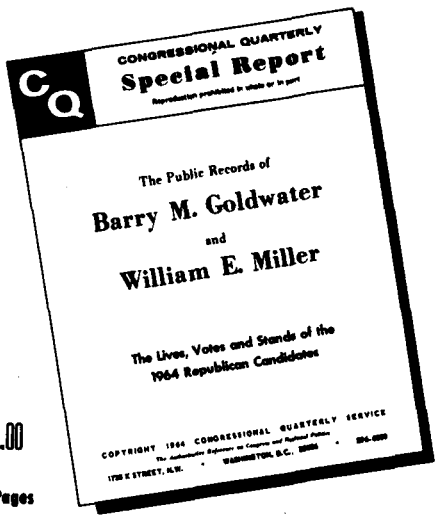

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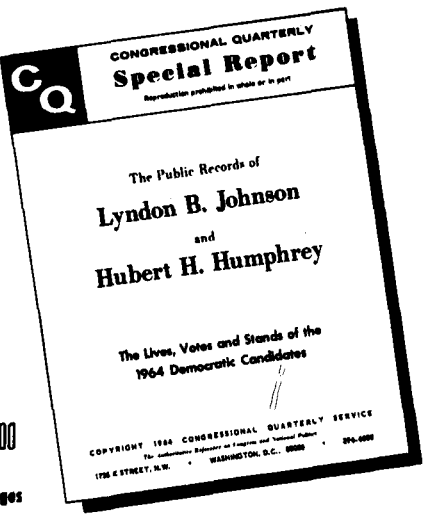

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unable so much as to feel his despair until the wrenching final page. *Augie March* shows a man composing a self out of a belief in life's possibilities. Of the two books *Seize the Day* seems to me the more convincing and authentic, perhaps because despair is easier to portray than joy, perhaps because the experience of our time, as well as its literature, predisposes us to associate truth with gloom. In any case, what seems notable about *Herzog* is that nothing is here blinked or evaded, rhetoric does not black out reality (Herzog declares himself "aging, vain, terribly narcissistic, suffering without proper dignity"); yet the will to struggle, the insistence upon human possibility, is maintained, and not as a mere flourish but as the award of agony. Herzog learns that

> "... To look for fulfillment in another ... was a feminine game. And the man who shops from woman to woman, though his heart aches with idealism, with the desire for pure love, has entered the female realm."

Not, perhaps, a very remarkable lesson, but worth learning when the cost comes high. More importantly, Herzog says about himself, wryly but truthfully, that he is a man who "thought and cared about belief." To think and care about belief: that is the first step toward salvation.

For all its vividness as performance, *Herzog* is a novel driven by an idea. It is a serious idea, though, in my judgment, neither worked out with sufficient care nor worked into the grain of the book with sufficient depth. Herzog, he tells us, means to write something that will deal "with a new angle on the modern condition, showing how life could be lived by renewing universal connections, overturning the last of the Romantic errors about the uniqueness of the Self, revising the old Western, Faustian ideology...." This time clearly speaking for Bellow, Herzog declares himself opposed to

> "The canned sauerkraut of Spengler's 'Prussian Socialism,' the commonplaces of the Wasteland outlook, the cheap mental stimulants of Alienation, the cant and rant of pipsqueaks about Inauthenticity and Forlornness. I can't accept this foolish dreariness. We are talking about the whole life of mankind. The subject is too great, too deep for such weakness, cowardice...."

And in the magazine *Location* Bellow has recently written an attack on "the 'doom of the West' [which] is the Established Church in modern literature." It is a Church, he says, which asserts the individual to be helpless among the impersonal mechanisms and sterilities of modern life; it cultivates self-pity and surrender; and it is wrong.

Bellow has touched on something real. Talk about "the decline of the West" can be elitist rubbish. The posture of alienation, like any other, can collapse into social accommodation. Cries of despair can become mere notes of fashion. Where the motif of alienation in the literature of modernism during the late 19th and early 20th Centuries signified an act of truth, courage and sometimes rebellion too, now it can easily become the occasion for a mixture of private snobbism and public passivity. Yet may not all ideas suffer this sort of outcome in a culture which seems endlessly capable of assimilating and devitalizing everything? Suppose Bellow's assault upon alienation becomes fashionable (it is not hard to imagine the positive thinkers who will hasten to applaud): will it not then suffer a public fate similar to that of the ideas he attacks?

Bellow is being just a little too cavalier in so readily disposing of a central theme of modernist literature. Surely, as it was manifested in the work of writers like Joyce, Flaubert, Eliot and Baudelaire, the sense of alienation expressed a profound and even exhilarating response to the reality of industrial society. (An imagining of despair can be as bracing as a demand for joy can be ruthless.) And does not the sense of alienation, if treated not as a mere literary convenience but as a galling social fact – does this not continue to speak truthfully to significant conditions in our life?

I raise these matters because Bellow, as a serious writer, must want his readers to consider them not merely in but also beyond the setting of his novel. When, however, one does consider them strictly in the context of *Herzog*, certain critical issues present themselves. There is a discrepancy between what the book actually is – brilliant but narrow in situation and scope – and the sweeping intentions that lie behind it; or in other words, between the dramatic texture and the thematic purpose. In the end one feels that *Herzog* is too hermetic a work, the result of a technique which encloses us rigidly in the troubles of a man during his phase of withdrawal from the world. The material is absorbing in its own right; it is handled with great skill; but in relation to the intended theme, it all seems a little puny.

Bellow has conceived of the book as a stroke against the glorification of the

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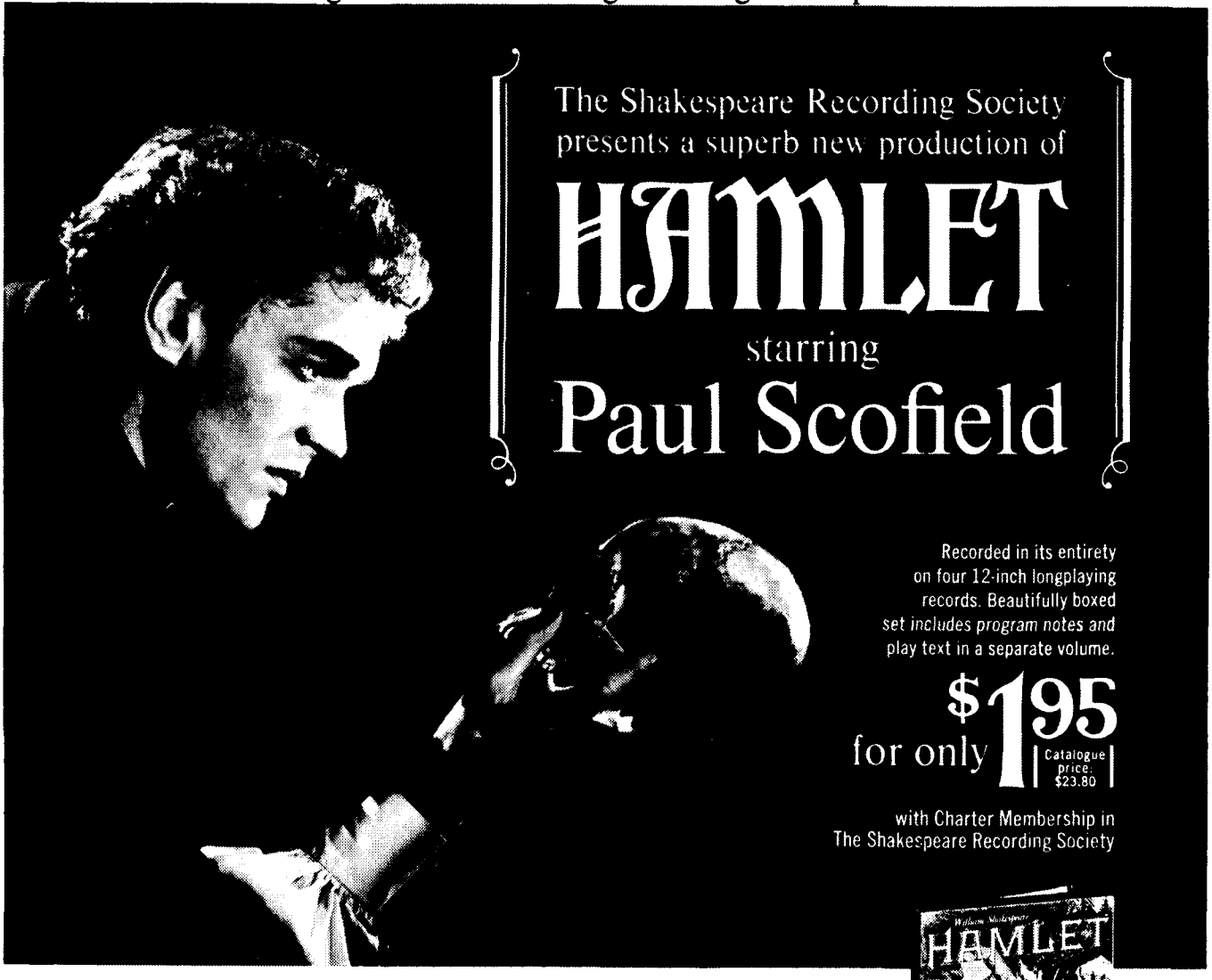
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sick self, but the novel we have – as picture, image, honest exposure – remains largely caught up with the thrashings of the sick self. One wants from Bellow a novel that will not be confined to a single besieged consciousness but instead will negotiate the kind of leap into the world which he proclaims, to savor the world's freshness and struggle against its recalcitrance, perhaps even to enter "politics in the Aristotelian sense."

Meanwhile, critics and readers, let us be grateful.

Democrats and Business

by Richard L. Strout

President Kennedy had a date with Hobart Rowen to talk to him about his relations with the business community, which "he desperately wanted to improve." He would see Rowen, Business Trends editor of *Newsweek*, when he came back from Dallas. He never came back. The present book was about two-thirds written then and has been extensively revised to include the first part of the Johnson regime. It is the best inside account ever printed of the running struggle in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations over economic matters in the past four years.

The Free Enterprisers: Kennedy, Johnson & the Business Establishment
by Hobart Rowen
(Putnam; $5.95)

President Kennedy wanted to dispel economic "myths" but would only go so far. "After he had read an article of mine in *The New Republic* (May 25, 1963) urging heavier federal spending," Mr. Rowen says in his preface, "he passed word on through Ted Sorensen that he'd like to see more such articles in magazines of mass circulation."

Editors of *The New Republic* and writers like Rowen and Edwin Dale of *The New York Times* were aware that Mr. Kennedy and his economic adviser Walter Heller read the magazine and discussed their pieces. (Mr. Kennedy also read Murray Kempton in *The New York Post* before he joined *The New Republic*, and also read the TRB column.) The President was familiar with Keynesian economics and supported the liberal Mr. Heller part way. But then he drew back.

Academic economists have been teaching how and why a government can stimulate an economy for 25 years, and the countries of Europe have been successfully practicing it. If unemployment rises above a certain level you cut taxes and raise government spending. General Eisenhower rejected a tax cut and mis-educated the country with his "fiscal integrity" for eight years to achieve three recessions and the biggest peacetime deficit in history. When it came JFK's turn, he twice resisted the tax cut; his political advisers were cool to it, and it had little grass-roots support. People had an economic iron collar round their necks and didn't mind very much. Indeed, the metaphor is a good one – when the planned deficit and tax cut finally came it was like a change of fashion from a starched Hoover collar to an easy soft one. People at once chuckled at the quaint old collars they had just abandoned – and went on wearing other collars just as preposterous. Such a collar is the hideous 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance (that costs the Treasury some $1.5 billions a year.)

Mr. Rowen sees the nation coasting along on the impetus of the tax cut, which has given Mr. Johnson his biggest political buffer against Senator Goldwater. But he believes that Mr. Kennedy oversold it in order to buy business and Congressional support. He unwisely promised to cut back federal spending, and when Mr. Johnson took over he grabbed the tax cut idea and instituted even deeper slashes in government expenditures to conciliate business.

Now this, Mr. Rowen thinks, is seriously unwise. Ways "must" be found to increase public spending for public needs, he says, not merely to accelerate the economy but for the deeper reason that American schools, houses, mass transportation and urban conditions are often wretchedly supported. Reasonable spending helps in two ways.

The penalty for not spending what we should, the author thinks, may be costly, with racial riots just the start. With a shocking 23.6 percent of Negro

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teen-agers out of jobs, and their families now in the third generation of relief, why shouldn't there be street riots?

Rowen's study of Mr. Kennedy is loving but objective. It tells better than any heretofore written how conservative the Kennedy-Johnson economic programs really are and how they aid business. When the choice was between less unemployment and less federal spending, both Presidents almost unhesitatingly chose the latter, as business leaders urged.

JFK knew that more spending would reduce the annual $30 billion waste of America's unemployed men and factories, but he didn't think he had the political strength to overcome Congressional, business and popular opposition. His narrow election, the balance of payments problem, his preoccupation with foreign affairs and also his "firm conservative instinct" held him back.

Why did JFK irritate business and LBJ win it over? They were both, Mr. Rowen feels, equally conservative. Mr. Kennedy, of course, had that row over steel prices, but beyond that, he somehow made businessmen feel self-conscious. LBJ didn't. "The LBJ concoction of corn pone, sincerity, energy and action – served up with all the fervor of a Southwestern preacher, was hard to beat," Rowen says, "and resisted by few.... Johnson is master of the technique – but Kennedy would have choked reading the best Johnson lines."

JFK never won business over even though he tried hard and even made an about face and abject capitulation to the haughty Business Council, an exclusive, self-perpetuating House of Lords, composed of the very biggest corporation presidents.

Mr. Kennedy advanced economic thinking a little way and it is now slowly seeping down that a planned deficit and the use of budgetary stimulus doesn't automatically bring inflation. But it is doubtful, Mr. Rowen feels, whether the country fully understands the situation. The economic growth rate isn't really very high. The amount of unemployment would be unthinkable in Europe, and in the Negro sector, particularly, is explosive.

The future? Mr. Rowen writes quietly and calmly. "A growing nation cannot afford pinchpenny budgets," he says;

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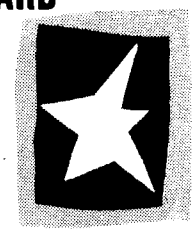

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The Not-So-Mysterious East

by Bernard B. Fall

It is always a refreshing experience when one of us young'uns, with our expensive advanced education; our writing styles cramped by a decade of footnoted term papers and research reports; and our field research subsidized by foundations or the Government; meets up with a man like Robert Trumbull – either through reading him or meeting him. I did both.

The Scrutable East
by Robert Trumbull
(McKay; $4.95)

Trumbull filed his first Far Eastern stories from Honolulu the year I entered grade school, and the accumulated experience shows in every page of his most recent book; in his healthy distrust of pat situations, his contempt for the "guided tour" and his denunciation of officially-spouted claptrap. The latter, as the average American reader now slowly begins to find out, just about drowns out everything else that may come from Saigon or Bangkok (or Peking, for that matter); but Trumbull sees right through it: "A correspondent often wonders," says he, "whether high officials of the United States Government really believe the nonsense they try to sell to the public."

One may wonder whether he was referring to the official who, a few weeks before Diem's fall, was going around saying on TV that while the Ngos were perhaps a bomb with the "Saigon intellectuals," they were a howling success down on the farms; or whether he was referring to those very high officials who were promising the return home of the US advisers by 1965 (and who, God forbid, might still be right – but for the wrong reasons); or whether he meant those who had said successively, that the insurgency in Vietnam was going to be jugulated by such irreplaceable men as Bao-Dai, Diem, "Big" Minh, Khanh, or Oanh; or whoever else may come along tomorrow morning.

The book, written in a lively but – the Lord be praised – not "chummy" style, abounds in small anecdotes as Trumbull bounces across the map of postwar Southeast Asia, meeting the great and the humble with equal gusto. Sukarno, often referred to in Indonesia as "*Bung* [Brother] Karno," gets an unmerciful going-over that surely will get Trumbull a choice spot on Indonesia's blacklist. Trumbull sums it up in the title of the chapter: "The Bung." There is also a pithy chapter on that major form of Indonesian commerce called high-seas smuggling, which may well be on the way to superseding all other types of commercial relations with that country. Trumbull dismisses the Laotian Royal Army with a snort. He found it "to be the sorriest outfit . . . that ever lost a country" and describes the soldiers as "plain cowards in the face of opposition."

Trumbull's unconventional thinking is further shown by one of the rare appraisals of Prince Sihanouk of Cam-

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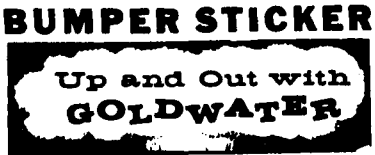

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bodia that does not make a caricature of that little statesman, and he gives an incisive account of what the Vietnamese war looks like when seen from the Cambodian side of the border – an exercise, come to think of it, that *no* American newsman has tried since Trumbull did it in 1961. The same success at seeing through the propaganda veil is maintained in his chapters on Vietnam: incisive but charitable vignettes of Ho and Ngo, and even of the much-maligned Mme. Nhu; followed by a scathing indictment of the role played by his own country in the Vietnamese tragedy. "The conclusion has to be," Mr. Trumbull tells us, "that someone, somewhere along the line . . . was guilty either of gross incompetence or of lying."

And since the Vietnamese mess covers the better part of two Republican and two Democratic Administrations, there is an excellent chance that the truth will ultimately be buried on a perfectly bipartisan basis.

What Trumbull foresees as Southeast Asia's future is hardly likely to give comfort to anyone in Washington. He feels that the whole area is headed for neutralism sooner or later but, hopefully, perhaps in opposition to Peking. America is likely to be the target of damned-if-you-do-damned-if-you-don't attacks, whether it is in the field of contacts with Red China; regional trade; or the protection accorded to "Free Asian" regimes whose concept of freedom is somewhat nebulous.

All this, I know, sounds terribly depressing and Trumbull's book is unlikely, for all its black humor, to make *The Reader's Digest* as inspirational literature. But at least it is good to know that when the policymakers get sick and tired of savoring each other's overoptimistic pap on the state of Southeast Asia they can always turn to Trumbull's handy volume for a taste of the unvarnished truth.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe's *newest book is* A World More Attractive. Richard L. Strout *is a veteran Washington correspondent.* Bernard B. Fall *is author of* The Two Vietnams. Tullia Zevi *is a newspaper correspondent in Rome.*

"No one more sincerely wishes the spread of information among mankind than I do, and none has greater confidence in its effect towards supporting free and good government."
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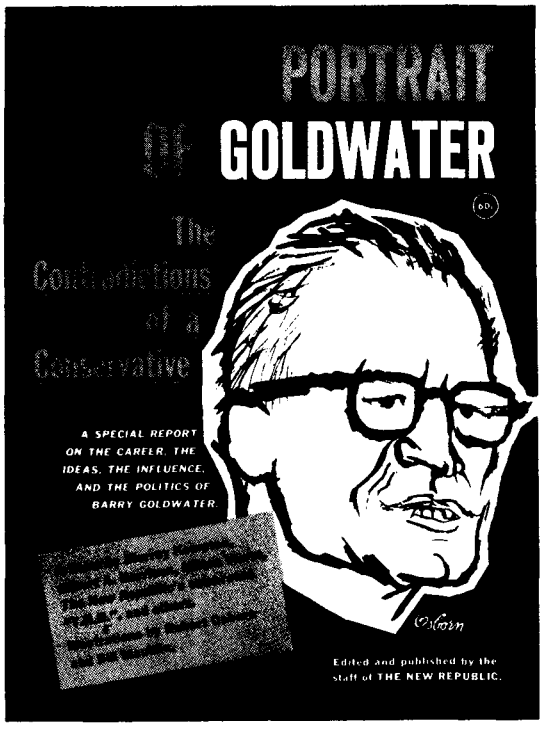
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FILMS

The World as a Fair

There are some 50 films to be seen at the New York World's Fair; I have seen three. Saul Bass' *The Searching Eye*, made for Eastman Kodak, devotes about 25 minutes, through the viewpoint of a boy, to the discovery of the universe, from the minute to the celestial. Some of it is lovely; some of it is pointlessly tricky (the widening and narrowing screen); all of it is diminished by essentially trite, imitative concepts that strain unsuccessfully, on pumped poetry, to soar.

The IBM show is as emptily flashy as the Charles Eames pavilion that houses it. The audience files, on various levels, into a steeply banked tier of seats which is then pushed hydraulically up into a huge globe, after which a trapdoor is swung shut beneath it. This pointless ostentation matches the film that follows. On a number of different-shaped screens, and with the aid of a live interlocutor, we are then shown that an electronic computer works the same, in essence, as a hostess planning a dinner party. This is fairly cold comfort, if true.

The Searching Eye (Eastman Kodak)
IBM Film (IBM)
To Be Alive! (Johnson's Wax)
That Man from Rio (Lopert)

To Be Alive!, made by Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid for Johnson's Wax, has, understandably, attracted most attention at the fair. These two gifted film-makers, with extensive careers behind them, were given a free hand by their sponsor and have made an 18-minute work – photographed in the US, Italy, and Nigeria – whose only purpose is joy. They have used exquisite color and three separate screens – about one-foot space between them. Sometimes all three screens contain the same picture, wide, in three parts, sometimes the same picture repeated twice or more across the three screens, sometimes contrasting pictures, sometimes complementary ones. Always the process is used in service of a feeling or idea, never to draw attention to itself; and its basic accomplishment is a sense of the teeming quality of life: so much happening all at once all the time that three screens can only begin to catch part of it. A child's curiosity, a mother's awed fascination with her baby, an adolescent and a mirror, a wedding – by stating some of these commonplaces without sentimentality but with appropriate sentiment, with a conviction that life is, among other things, wonderful, these two humane and talented men have produced an exhilarating film. The refreshingly simple commentary is by the poet Edward Field and is spoken simply by Robert Fields; the helpful score is by Gene Forrell. I cannot quite claim that *To Be Alive!* is worth a trip from Des Moines or Duluth. But if you happen to make the mistake of attending this tawdry Midway, this architectural version of the advertising pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the Thompson-Hammid film will certainly save your expedition from being a total loss.

It ought to have been clear from *The Love Game*, *The Joker*, and *The Five Day Lover* that Philippe De Broca is one of the most talented of the younger French directors, yet he is the one who is generally least well esteemed. Now he presents *That Man From Rio*, and it is possible to see that this delightful film will only further seal his neglect.

Why? Because he is orthodox in his methods. He is not a skimmer of Proust, Freud, and dada like Resnais; an arid "pure" cinematist like Godard, an idiosyncrasist like Truffaut, nor a leech on the breast of existentialism like Malle. So far as technique is concerned, there is not a sequence in any De Broca film that could not have been made before the Second War. In our frantically experimental art world, absence of technical innovation has come to be equated with absence of merit or individuality. We might remember that, for instance, there is no line of Robert Frost that, technically speaking, could not have been written before the turn of the century.

All that can be claimed for De Broca is that he has wit, tenderness, dexterity, a superb eye for composition and color, a fine sense of rhythm and of movement, a perfect command of the medium, and – his curse – high spirits. The swift, captivating flights of Truffaut seem very much part of a grim age, a kind of spoof reaction against dark contemporary reality. De Broca has what can be called timeless high spirits – the youth that all men have had for at least some part of their lives. He is miraculously able to abstract and sustain this quality in films.

His new picture plunges further into extremes of physical action than his others: less of the lightfoot escapades

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of Clair, more of the breakneck daredeviltry of Harold Lloyd combined with the mock-bravura of *Fanfan the Tulip* and the quintessence of all the corny hidden-treasure movies ever made. The insidious virtue of this film is that, although De Broca never means us to take any of the excitement quite seriously, it is nonetheless exciting. Jean-Paul Belmondo is a soldier with a week's leave in Paris who goes to visit his girl and sees her kidnapped, abducted to Rio because she knows the whereabouts of a statue that her anthropologist-father had buried a few years before. Immediately Belmondo hustles his way on to the same jetliner and has a series of adventures in Rio, Brasilia, and the jungle that are a small encyclopedia of action-slapstick, each sequence executed with ballet precision. At the end of the week, before his pass expires, the soldier is back in Paris safely with his girl. The film could have been a bit shorter to advantage; the light-airplane episode, with the ignorant Belmondo at the controls, could have been spared. But the good-humored irrationality with which he starts running after departing automobiles (then we cut to his arrival at his destination, only slightly winded) makes up for any small faults.

Belmondo, who has been making too many films too heedlessly, makes this one just heedlessly enough: sufficient concern to concern us, sufficient disregard to keep it funny; with plenty of the justifiable assumption that he is charming but without being bumptious about it. Françoise Dorleac has the right cool zaniness for the girl. Jean Servais, the gang chief of *Rififi*, the "good" priest of *He Who Must Die*, is so excellent an actor that he turns a now-I-have-you-in-my-power scene into a valid dramatic moment.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

The Biennale: How Evil is Pop Art?

Venice

If the Thirty-second Biennale International Art Exhibition in Venice is not "scandalous," why the heated debates, the veto by the highest Catholic authorities, the sudden cancellation of the Italian president's participation in the inauguration?

Every two years the Biennale touches off a chain reaction of moral and aesthetic indignation which its sponsors interpret as a sign of vitality. This year however the controversy is hotter than ever. The exhibition, in the words of its detractors, has turned into a collective "poisoning of the innocent."

What we see documented here is the resumption of the artist's dialogue with everyday reality. One can safely omit the works displayed by the East European socialist countries, and particularly the 46 artists in the USSR pavilion. The smiling smelters, the women carpenters with lilies - of - the - valleys pinned on their robust breasts, the mustachioed Uzbecks who could easily have been painted 40 years ago for the edification of the masses, are again on display. Even the critic of the Italian Communist newspaper *Unitá* had to say that "there does not seem to be news worth underlining in the socialist pavilions."

The show has been derisively called "the Biennale of pop-art," and the fact that American pop-artists are shown prominently – and for the first time under the official patronage of the US government – rather justifies this generalization. However, in the pavilions hidden by the giant lime-trees of the Biennale Gardens, there are other equally interesting manifestations of the contemporary urge for visual objectivity.

Neo-dada, programmed art, group-art, kinetic art – they are all different yet equally valid responses to the call for a new realism, whatever the techniques and materials employed, whether metal, wood, torn posters, discarded objects, synthetic fibers, electricity, magnetism or light; or whoever the artist's

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guardian angel, whether Kafka or Dale Carnegie; wherever his habitat, whether Hyde Park or Montparnasse, the Village or Madison Avenue.

There is a common root in pop-art and a common motive that impels the converging attacks of cardinals and Communists on the American pavilion and its appendix at the American Consulate. To them it is pop-art *vs.* the soul. Even before the Biennale opened, the patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Urbani, deplored the "moral disorder" revealed by the "disintegration of the human image" and banned the Exhibition for members and clerics of all religious orders. *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, endorsed the patriarch's verdict stressing that most of the works exhibited were "objects having no relationship with art . . . they are grotesque relics, attic junk with the addition of . . . indecent ostentations, offending the moral sensitivity."

Pravda has been equally severe. The critic N. Abalkin called the Biennale a "tragic carnival" and denounced pop-art as a new and smuggled form of abstractionism, seeking survival under a false and distorted form of realism. "The public laughs and does not like abstractionism. This does not happen when visitors enter the Soviet pavilion, which displays the best production inspired by socialist realism. There they find light, quiet, clarity." Another Communist critic wrote, "the entire show is an amusing pastiche of Disneyland and surrealism, of popular art and dada, of comic strips and industrial design. The pop-artists are the eternally clumsy Martin Edens, the eternal American autodidacts."

The bourgeois press has joined the cardinals and Communists. "Who are they?" asked the critic of Turin's *La Stampa:* "Carpenters, blacksmiths, junk-dealers, technicians? Are they geniuses or idiots? Enlightened prophets or impudent crooks? The raw materials chosen among the rubbish of daily necessities is called upon to assume the value of a mystical offering, of a new theology." Pop-artists are "modern savages, psychically close to those redskins who a century ago celebrated their rites wearing crushed top-hats on their heads and sardine cans around their hips . . . they obviously do not represent the intelligentsia of a great progressive country."

Added Milan's *Corriere Della Sera:* "We reject an American art which does not defend the values of the spirit, which does not believe in art, which contributes to the disintegration of the world, which continues to pick up all the European stupidities, the stale materialisms and nullisms." On Rauschenberg: "He probably amuses himself, but his literature is silly, old and boring." As for Jasper Johns, John

Swine!

"If the book be false in its facts, refute them. If it be false in its reasoning, disprove it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides!" These words by Thomas Jefferson are the motto of a new national magazine called FACT. FACT is published in the conviction that an unbiased and utterly fearless magazine can survive in modern America. FACT bows down before neither Big Business, Church, State, nor even before the prejudices of some of its own readers.

The first issue of FACT contains articles on "Catholic Plunder of the U.S. Treasury," "America's First Negro President" (he has already been elected: FACT reveals who he was), and on "*Time:* The Weekly Fiction Magazine." In the latter feature, at FACT's invitation, the following celebrities give first-hand knowledge of inaccuracies by *Time:* Irwin Shaw, Sloan Wilson, Tallulah Bankhead, Sen. Ernest Gruening, Bertrand Russell, Mary McCarthy, P. G. Wodehouse, Eugene Burdick, Conrad Aiken, John Osborne, Vincent Price, Burgess Meredith, Ralph Ingersoll, H. Allen Smith, Taylor Caldwell and others.

The second issue of FACT contains the story of how—and why—the American press hid the truth about cigarettes and cancer for 25 years; a report on millionaires who do not pay a cent in taxes; a hitherto-banned manuscript by Mark Twain; a psychological analysis of anti-Negro jokes; and more.

Scheduled for publication in future issues of FACT are: "American Cars Are Death-traps" (FACT reveals which makes are most dangerous of all), "Wife-Swapping in California," "Coca-Cola as a Menace to Health," "Bobby Kennedy: Savior or Fanatic?", "The World's Fair Is a Money-Grubbing House of Horrors," "Suicide Among College Students," "Should the Government Break Up AT&T?", "How the Post Office Snoops Into Private Mail," "San Francisco: Sanctuary for the Homosexual," "The Rebirth of the Ku Klux Klan," "The Social Utility of Pornography," "Why the Negro Revolution Must Lead to Violence," "Is Cancer Psychosomatic?", and other articles which most magazines wouldn't dare to print.

The response to FACT so far has been electrifying. Bertrand Russell describes FACT as "well prepared, irreverent and serious." California's Governor Pat Brown says FACT "pulls no punches." The New York *Post* says FACT is "lively, unconventional, handsome." The San Francisco *Chronicle*, labeling FACT "audacious," says it may become "Mencken's *American Mercury* of our day." And a John Bircher wrote in calling us "Swine!"

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Chamberlain, Claes Oldenburg, Jim Dine and Frank Stella – "they exhibit contorted and compressed metal, enameled chalk, metal, wood, ghost typewriters and telephones with no poetic novelty, with a frightening mental squalor, but with the illusion and the satisfaction of saying something which will revolutionize the world. If this is America, then America is treason."

From beyond the Alps, after Robert Rauschenberg had been assigned the first prize for painting, came prophetic warnings from French critics: "The Rauschenbergs will proliferate and invade us, they will murder the pictorial idiom with their childish gadgets." And the magazine *Arts* added: "We Europeans are now in the eyes of the Americans nothing but poor backward Negroes, good only for being colonized."

Leading European painters showed no greater tenderness. "Pop-art cannot be judged," stated Giorgio De Chirico, "because it has nothing to do with art." "Every painter does pop-art," said Gianni Dova. "When I take a container, some brushes and place them in a certain order I am doing pop-art. But what counts is painting, not pasting and nailing."

Now for years these same voices had been advocating the burial of informal abstract art. Now that the Biennale has performed the funeral rites, they realize that what is emerging from the ashes is not what they had hoped: a return to the "naturalism" of the good old days, with its green meadows, little pink nudes, galloping horses, dripping sirloins of beef or perhaps fighting partisans and astronauts.

These however are not the only voices. Each day of this torrid summer new visitors come who earnestly try to understand what pop-artists, neo-realists, neo-dadaists etc. are seeking to express. They hasten to see America's "four germinal" (Louis, Noland, Rauschenberg, Johns) and "four younger" (Chamberlain, Oldenburg, Dine, Stella) artists. The painter Renato Guttuso holds that "American pop-art is the biggest artistic phenomenon of the 20th Century after cubism." Many who find that view exaggerated nonetheless agree that pop-art offers a candid image of the gifts and curses of affluence.

Not the artists, but the glossy catalogue arouses suspicions and misgivings. The exhibition's commissioner, Alan R. Solomon, places a great emphasis on the fact "frequently misunderstood by Europeans and others" that "contemporary American art is based on an accommodation to the domestic environment."

"Rauschenberg," Mr. Solomon says, "operates from a positive and constructive view of the world. He has no interest in social comment, or satire, or in politics." John's purpose too is "neither destructive nor anti-human." Claes Oldenburg is "another of the artists who are evolving a new aesthetic not out of protest," and Dine's "commitment must not be regarded as destructive." All of them "evolve a new aesthetic not out of protest, irony or revolt, but out of an affirmative desire to search the truth of the present reality . . . in response to the wonder and delight of the contemporary American environment."

Looking at Rauschenberg's "combines," with their black seas, their towns sunken in darkness, the vulture above Kennedy's image, his hand outstretched in an eloquent and accusing gesture, the caged nightingales, the deflated airship, the pillows dangling like ballast, the blotches of blood-red paint, Europeans wonder. TULLIA ZEVI

"HOWEVER COMPLICATED *our world may be, it doesn't follow that our choices are in that same degree complicated. In point of fact, the most important choices are, usually, stark and simple. They are not for that reason easy; it is their very simplicity that makes them so difficult. It is just* because *they come to plain black or white, Yes or No, that we have such a painful time over them.*"

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A COMMUNICATION

Foreign Alarm over Goldwater

Paris

I have just returned from a trip to North Africa and around Europe, and I should like to share with you what I hear people say about the elections in the United States.

Nothing being written in America conveys any notion of the intense reactions on this side of the Atlantic to Senator Goldwater's triumph. In my opinion they should be given a great deal of weight, even if they may seem unjustified or exaggerated. In politics appearances are sometimes as important as reality, and the public image which Goldwater projects could provoke many and far-reaching consequences.

When I left France, an article by Raymond Aron had just appeared in the very conservative daily, *Le Figaro*. It was published under the caption "It's Not a Laughing Matter." Professor Aron was inveighing against everyone who is indifferent to the tremendous danger which, in his opinion, the Goldwater phenomenon represents. The article was something of a sensation because Raymond Aron is looked upon as a strong protagonist of the United States. In political circles his article was regarded as a real tocsin, sounded by a columnist whose customary approach to news analysis is calm and dispassionate. There was, of course, an attitude of triumphant I-told-you-so-ness in official and government circles: this fellow Goldwater was a ready-made vindication of General de Gaulle's policies. To the extent that the United States today is exhibiting "irresponsibility," the Gaullists are justified in seeking to remain independent. This reminded me of an interchange with

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The Defense

Nabokov's New Novel

reviewed by John Updike

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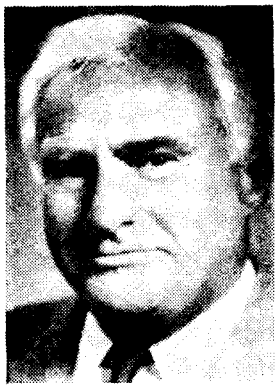

JOSEPH LEWIS

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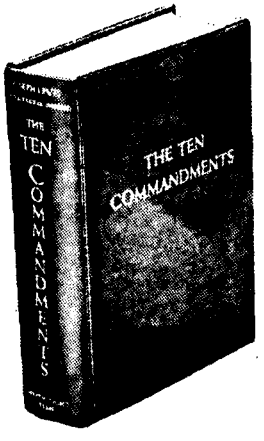

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John F. Kennedy which took place during my interview with the late President. When the subject of French foreign policy came up, Mr. Kennedy asked me ironically: "Who, in your opinion, is General de Gaulle's preferred candidate, Rockefeller or Goldwater?" To this I countered by asking President Kennedy why he was so sure de Gaulle's favorite candidate was not himself. He replied: "That's what Herve [Alphand] keeps trying to tell me. But of course he's a very nice chap to begin with, and besides, it's his job to get this idea across. Actually, Goldwater may well be de Gaulle's best ally." Kennedy was right.

In Italy, which is in a state of trauma as a result of President Segni's illness and the death of its Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, US foreign policy is a vital topic of discussion, not only in the intellectually elite café circles, but all along the more superficial reaches of the Via Veneto. By now, Goldwater has become an almost legendary figure, endowed in the popular mind with all the hallmarks of the traditional bad man of TV Westerns. Over and over one hears the man in the street say that there is no need to put Italy's affairs in order now, since if Goldwater wins the election everything will be turned topsy-turvy anyway. I heard similar comments in Switzerland and in the most unexpected circles, where, generally the Left tends to be pro-American and the Right more chauvinistic and pro-de Gaulle. It is just the opposite in Portugal. One of my friends who has just returned from that country claims that Goldwater is Salazar's only serious rival among extreme Rightist leaders.

In Africa, the word is that Presidents Modibo Keita (Mali) and Ben Bella (Algeria) devoted a large part of their recent Algerian conversations to an analysis of the Goldwater phenomenon and to the effects thereof on American policy in the Congo, in Cuba, and in South Vietnam. In Tunis, where I was a few weeks ago, East European ambassadors were taking malicious pleasure in pointing out to President Bourguiba (who is one of America's best friends) how imprudent he had been to advertise himself so openly as an ally of a power which was rapidly losing popularity in Africa. In Tunisia, Goldwater was regarded as a figure from the Apocalypse; neutralism, hitherto a stranger to this little pilot country, was rapidly gaining ground.

In this connection it should be pointed out that in all the large cities of the Arab world, the local cinemas have recently featured a number of American movies dwelling on the theme that a nuclear war could be triggered by an American general gone mad, or by an unbalanced American President. Rightly or wrongly, Goldwater is regarded as potentially filling one or the other of these roles.

Of course all of these reactions are grossly superficial and prevail at the popular level; nevertheless, they are of such intensity as to border on panic, and naturally they are seized upon and turned to advantage by the enemies of the United States. The most critical commentators fall into two categories: those, like Raymond Aron or President Bourguiba, who look upon Goldwater as an unfortunate and transitory freak of American political history; and those who are convinced that American society is basically geared to spawn Goldwaters, and that the Roosevelts and the Kennedys are the freaks of history. Very serious and philosophical articles are being published today in Paris, in Rome, and in Algeria, seeking to prove that Goldwaterism is a logical by-product of the structures upon which American economic life is based. The United States of today is described as an "ailing giant" (such is the title of one recent article by a British news analyst).

Militarily, the United States is the most powerful nation on earth, yet it is obliged to coexist with its worst enemy; it is the richest of all nations, yet its wealth is being handed out to ingrates; it is the keeper of peace for the world, yet it cannot peacefully solve its own race problem; it is the world's greatest producer of capital goods, yet the struggle for life in its own country is more bitter with each passing day; the requirements of its economy are forcing it to seek markets abroad, and its mentality forces it to remain isolationist. This is the neurosis which might explain Goldwater, and the rest of the world has suddenly become alarmed by it.

JEAN DANIEL

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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

The Great Unemployment Fallacy

Sirs:

Edwin Dale's piece on "The Great Unemployment Fallacy" (Sept. 5) is another in a long series of attempts to wish away the problem of persistent unemployment. It would take a longer article than he has written to expose the fallacies in his futile efforts to deny the existence of an unemployment "problem." One can point out, however, that the three examples he chose to buttress his case are far from convincing.

It is true that in World War II aggregate demand was high and unemployment was low. But Mr. Dale ignores the fact that some 12 million men of prime working age were withdrawn from the civilian labor force at that time. Mr. Dale also cites the case of West Germany to support his contention that we do not have an unemployment problem in the United States. It is interesting that he selected one of the first countries in Western Europe to initiate an active manpower policy to support his view that sufficient aggregate demand alone will eliminate unemployment. More careful research on his part would also have shown that there was a substantial amount of *localized* unemployment in West Virginia prior to 1953.

Mr. Dale apparently thinks that he is advancing a new and daring idea when he suggests that adequate aggregate demand alone will eliminate unemployment. It is actually an old idea which was advanced with monotonous regularity years ago when we knew much less about the operation of the labor market than we do today. Mr. Dale is about a decade behind the times in his assessment of the current "conventional wisdom."

Perhaps it would be asking too much to suggest that Mr. Dale read the voluminous hearings and reports of the Clark Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower, or even the most recent *Manpower Report of the President*. He might, however, read the article by James Tobin in *The New Republic* of March 7, 1964. As Tobin pointed out the demand stimulant is necessary but by no means sufficient to eliminate long-term unemployment. I would suggest that the conventional view among economists today is that both adequate aggregate demand and an effective manpower policy are needed if we are to solve the unemployment problem.

William H. Miernyk
University of Colorado

Mr. Dale reassures us that the new technology is a paper tiger, at least as far as its effect on jobs is concerned. We have nothing to worry about except boosting demand, he says. A few of the many considerations that appear to have escaped his notice:

Automation-cybernation is not in full spate but only beginning to bite in. *E.g.*, 99 percent of the machine tool operations susceptible to cybernation remain to be cybernated. The invasion of middle management processes has yet to start on any large scale.

Official figures seriously understate unemployment, failing to take into account the underemployed, those not looking for work, and most of those in the great poverty sink.

High aggregate demand is not an automatic good, it is only assumed to be by economists who cannot believe in the possibility of radical change and who cannot think of any other way of distributing income.

Mr. Dale's assertion that nothing essential in economic organization has been altered by the new technology has parallels, of which only one need be mentioned. A good many politicians still talk as though the hydrogen bomb and its siblings have not effectively proscribed war, as if nuclear war might still serve some rational purpose.

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mides leaned on by the majority of economists, political scientists, and writers on economic issues when confronted with any phenomenon that looks even faintly novel.

W. H. Ferry
Santa Barbara, California

I regret that Mr. Dale, whose writing always deserves thoughtful consideration, should have chosen to present what I believe to be a generally sound analytical argument in irrelevant joinder with a highly conjectural forecast of the future of unemployment in the United States.

Surely Mr. Dale is right to reject the fundamental reasoning of the cybernation fanatics.

Almost equally certainly, he is right to deny that a deficiency of labor skills is a significant present cause of the level of American unemployment.

Less certainly but, I believe, highly probably, he is right to assert that some complex of conventional (Keynesian or post-Keynesian) fiscal and monetary policies is quite capable of reducing United States unemployment to the level of his modest goal, "3.5 percent or less of the labor force."

But he has not the beginning of a reasoned basis for asserting, as he does, that two or three years from now American unemployment will in fact be at a level of 3.5 percent or less. That level depends on future economic developments (particularly in labor supply, in productivity and in the level of total demand) not now precisely measurable, and on future public actions not yet determined.

Mr. Dale's forecast may turn out correct or incorrect. But neither he nor any other economist has a basis, in present knowledge, for asserting that it is correct or incorrect. Let us separate his economic analysis from his venture in prophecy.

Oscar Gass
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Senate Apportionment

Sirs:

I must take exception to TRB's assertion (August 22) that "Some day or other the wildly malapportioned US Senate, like the British House of Lords, has got to be reformed." In the first place, by the express provision of Article V of the Constitution, any amendment that would change the basis upon which the Senate is apportioned – even if a way could be found to submit it – would have to be ratified, not by merely three-fourths of the states, but by all of them. Of course, we could get around this by calling a new constitutional convention, which might carry out needed reforms in other areas as well, but not without running the risk of having some hard-won gains of the past compromised away.

Another approach would be to do what the British have done with the House of Lords and start taking away some of the special prerogatives of the Senate. Eventually that body, though left unchanged in its outward form, might find itself reduced to playing a distinctly subordinate role in the legislative process.

However, I am not in the least convinced that this would be a good thing. Whereas it might be expected to be a sanctuary of privilege, the Senate is today and has been for some time made up of men who are, by and large, more progressive and less parochial in their thinking than most members of the House of Representatives.

Norman W. Johnson
East Lansing, Michigan

Mississippi

Sirs:

Last February I participated in the Hattiesburg Ministers' Project in Mississippi. Since then I have read a great deal about SNCC, Mississippi, and the civil rights struggle in the South. The two articles by Christopher Jencks (July 25, August 22) were the most perceptive and candid that I have yet seen. I salute him and *The New Republic* for excellent reporting.

Rabbi A. James Rudin
Champaign-Urbana, Illinois

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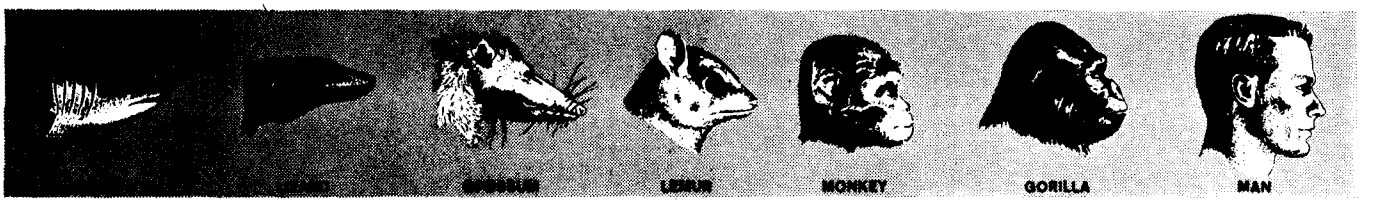

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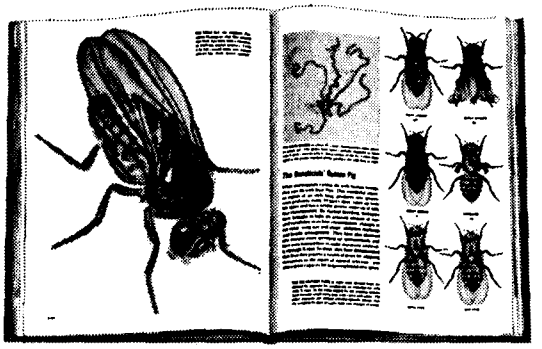

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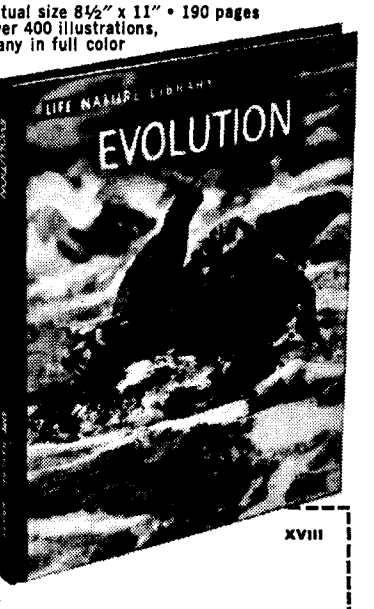

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